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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

The mixtures of custom, and fables akin—
These are the ingredients that old Malachi mocks—
Have a way of creating their likeness of skin,
And they're found in the world's crowds and flocks,
In various degrees of comfort and ease;
"Tis the way of the world, sire, the way of the world!

When Miss Tulpen exchanges for turtle her heart,
And to Tulpen devotes both her body and mind,
Becoming a judicious support of art,
And cultivating the tones her Maker designed—
If you doubt or censure; in your fresh simplicity is
Good faith—

"Tis the usual failure the way of the world!

When the queer wheel of Fortune, revolving by
Settles the Nobleman up, and the Somebodies down,
And for it to see the A's, dissatisfied, stamps,
While the A's pass by with an careless frown;
If you question a Christian reluctance to curse—
"Tis the way of the world!" (dear these days) is Pecuniary.

When the Old scorn the Young; when the Young affect to Old;
When those whom Temptation has never beset
Are loudest in crying out, "Shame on you, you!"
And, vying in their censure, his severer regret,
Who looks the most severe to the sinless be sacred is—
Their wisdom is the way of the world!

"Tis the Plaintiff's "cause," and the Hypocrite's plea
"Tis a dangerous thing to be ignorant of these—
"Tis a taste, like the flight of the wooden, at sea—
That without "practice" makes one of the worst!
Where Custom rite, sincerest, blind, patient, and grim—
Are! "the way of the world" is a damnable way!

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW-ENGLAND SUNDAY.

There is no one subject on which the people of New England are more sensitive than on the question of how the Sunday is to be spent. It is worth all the inconvenience arising from the occasional over-action of New-England Sabbath observance, to obtain the full fruit of a day in New England Sunday. But for this, idle should have been here, there, and I still have found Sunday already waiting for him, and accepted it with implicit and absolute conviction, as if it were a law of nature, to the same way that night and day, summer and winter are parts of nature. He should have been brought up by parents who had done the same thing; as they were by parents even more strict, if that were possible; until, per religious persons peculiarity, her everybody—no one—knows when, but society itself and all its opinions, those who broke it as much as those who kept it, was educated through with the rule of Sunday. Say, until Nature had adopted it, and had its commands on all birds and beasts, as to sun and winds, and upon the whole atmosphere so that, without much imagination or insight imagine, in a genuine New-England Sunday of the Connecticut River valley stamp, clothed was still on that day, resting from all the work which he had created and made, and that his work rested with him!

Oh! all the more rested the Lord's peace. The to was tripping away yesterday in the cool pebbles, and the Summer was noisy enough. To-day's to not a sign of his there. The wind than he made to-day. Tommy Tuttle knocked and barnes grew birds as hollow, thumping less. The ball is still—only the brook continuously. Lines! In yonder pine woods you will have no noise: Like an echo, in a wood where reason; other crows are answering. Hey. Hence every Sunday-day is musical. Dutch elk, because they have black cones on, pecking the pine trees? Nay. The birds pull out to their work joyously—they are all singing, to sing all together, and no one cares who hears it. Hence some sensitive ear or not. Lazy mullet, blackbirds and orioles, sparrows: blackbirds, and robins—birds and wrens, whippoorwills and all with such nattures as truer day but Sunday, when the Lord and his world create, could ever hear. Every novel then, a bob-link seemed impressed with it, bringing these jangling birds into a regularity; and like a country singing-class, he flew down the ranks, hanging all the personnel in ecstacies, as if to stimulate and lead them. Vainly! Sunday is the birds, and they will have their own democratic way.

There was sound in the village street. Look either way: a solitary soul, a human being! The smoke lay soberly and quietly, as if it said—It is day! The horses on the great nine hung lazies, glittering in dew, as if they too, like people who dwelt under their shadow, waiting for the bell to ring for meeting. Round and dew as usual, but no honey-bees a-humming way with them all the week, and elegantly change for the better on the scenery!

But oh, No! It had sent before and cleared every out of the sky. The blue heaven was up and low, as on secular days, but carried deep, as if on Sunday it stood far off all inwards when during the week had lowered and and it, and sprang back to the rich adequacy of a dome. All ordinary sound kept the spirit of the day. The sounding door sounded twice as far as usual. The of the bucket in a neighbor's yard, no; mixed with heterogeneous noises, seemed sound. The hens went silently about, scarce crowed in passion-tunes. And when the bell rang, Nature seemed overjoyed to find something that it might do without breaking Sunday, and rolled the sound over and over, and pushed it through the air, and raced with it over field and hill, twice as far as on week days. There were no less than seven steeples in sight from the belfry, and the horizon said: "On still Sunday I've heard the bell, at one time and another, when the day was fair, and the air moving in the right way, what every one thinks surprising, and I, most likely they've all heard one's."

Arthur, Edward, and Agnes Rinsell, at an even earlier hour than when bore usually awakened—"Come, Rose, it is Sunday!" Rose had not to late Sunday morning of all days in the week. "Is it, Arthur?" she said.

Rose and Ruby companions ringing for the day. Saturday night, in some parts of New England, was considered almost as sacred as Sunday itself. After sundown on Saturday night no work, and no work, except what is be immediately preparatory to the following day, were deemed lawful to good Christians. The clothes had been laid out the night before. Nothing was forgotten. The bed-time was ready: the hose and shoes were washed every article of linen, even to the handkerchief, were selected on Saturday night. Every one in the house would be found in the stillness the all tone. Not all were cheerful. The mother and her boys were busy, and passed slightly, but everybody made it up in smiling. The children and the father had a softened look. He sat down a giggle within the lawful bounds of a smile; and the mother looked cheerful and calmer than ever; and the step dapped on the floor in a more and shorter than ever, and her coffee better, and the cream richer, and the biscuits lighter, and more delicious than on the biscuit whiter and the corn-bread more golden and sweet.

When the good doctor read the Scriptures at family prayers, the blessing, the thanks and odd God everything except the cook. Out of the kitchen no cook could be heard in the stillness the old clock, that now called up to noon with convinced and solemn strokes, as if it said, "Now, I'll tell you what's what!" Even the cat, that had got out of him or less litter during the exercise, let her sorrow soon after. She sprang and lay ranging, and it was just time to walk, and "every body was going, the decent reported. The doctor had been called away, and his wife and the children moved down the path—four—the decorate propriety, and Arthur and his eight years old children, with their whipping boots fast in deportment, but, on the whole, with decent demeanor. The beauty of the day, the genial season of the year, brought forth every kind and sort and degree of fine silver, young and hearty men and their plump and ruddy companions—young men and girls and children, quick as punctuation points in Hebrew text, filled the street. As low voice, they spoke to each other in single sentences.

"A fine day." There'll be a good congregation out to-day."

"Yes; we may expect a house-full. How is Widow Cheney—have you heard?"

"Well, not much better; can't hold out many days. It will be a great loss to the children."

"Yes; but we must all—nobody can skip his turn. Does she still talk about them that's left?"

"They say not. I believe she's sunk into a quiet; but I guess it is the result of a fit of weakness."

"Sunday is a good day for dying—it's about the only journey that speeds well on this day."

There was something striking in the outlook of every one into the open fields. Each one seemed utterly deserted. There was no fevered hurry; no negligence or poorly-mended people. Every family came in groups—old folks and young children, and every mother thousand forth in his best apparel, like a rose-bush in June. Do you know that man in a silk hat and new black coat? Probably it is some stranger. No! It is Farmer Jones, who has been all week about yesterday with his sleeves rolled up, and his pantaloons stuck into his boots. I know you would not know him. Adams Gardner, the lawyer. Sunday-clothes make a change, and now that he is clean-washed, shaved, and dressed! His eyes are bright at the sparks that fly from his swivel!

Not see the ground of their children! See what groups of them! How ruddy and healthy they look! How many children in clandestine capers at every chance. Others walk with a sober, measured pace, and seem to be thinking of their duties. Little hands go slyly through the pickets of the fences, and pluck off flowers, and carry hymn-books or Bibles. But, carry what they may, they seem to be in their element. Is there any thing the sun shines upon more cheerful than a New-England village?

The old bell had it all its own way up in the steeple. It was the Reverend ruler of the day. In a long shed behind the church stood a row of buggies and wagons and chaises and carryalls,—the horses already beginning to be restless with the delay of the bell.

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[THIS SUNDAY EVENING.]

"Arthur, stop! What are you doing?" "Why, I was only—only—" "Only what?" "Only—only—I was only trying to see how it would look." "Look! Look like what? Look like a fool, I should think. Don't you know that you have got out of him or less litter during the exercise. In his sorrow soon after. He sprang and lay ranging, and it was just time to walk, and "every body was going, the decent reported. The doctor had been called away, and his wife and the children moved down the path—four—the decorate propriety, and Arthur and his eight years old children, with their whipping boots fast in deportment, but, on the whole, with decent demeanor. The beauty of the day, the genial season of the year, brought forth every kind and sort and degree of fine silver, young and hearty men and their plump and ruddy companions—young men and girls and children, quick as punctuation points in Hebrew text, filled the street. As low voice, they spoke to each other in single sentences.

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thronged. The whole green was covered with people, and the sidewalks were crowded.

Tommy Taft met the minister at the door, and put out his great, rough hand to shake.

"Thankee, Doctor—thankee; very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. Tell do good—know it! Feel better myself; I need just such preachin'—mostly old sinner—need a couple about once a week. Fretful wicked to see such doctrine, and not be no better—ain't it, Doctor?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

We are not to suppose, in a New-England town, that the measure of a sermon's effect is to be judged by the impression immediately produced upon the audience. There are usually in every large church in a New-England town several families of great refinement and reading, and scholarly thought. But, aside from these, there are scores of plain men who have from their very infancy been trained to think, and who discuss moral problems often the most remote from pecuniary life. Many of these homely and awkward bodies carry in them the machinery of a keen, incisive, fair-minded critic—as well as the waters do upon mill-wheels. However much a man sparkle and rush upon the great external mind, that is but a small part of the effect produced. The whole interior is set in motion—the mill, looks thank, and the whole building is filled with buzzing activity.

When the congregation broke up they carry on the subject with them. It probes them, excites them, angers them, and in some cases rouses for the day and week, around the table, young and old controvert, debate, and sometimes follow out the Sunday sermon. In this way the pulpit is kept in connection with intelligent life. Even if it sometimes a too exclusively doctrinal discourse (as, indeed, it often is), the people themselves, in one solution be, either in their emptiness or mere sentimentalism. There is apt to be food in the mess, but at times to some of the communes.

Judge Dixon walks with Mr. Gulley—and knowing that Mr. Gulley would repeat whatever he said, said to himself, speedily, much like a minister's ears, his remarks:

"An excellent performance. The grounds were well taken, the proofs judiciously arranged, and the application timely. It was a very clever performance. As a specimen of special pleading, I think it would have considerable effect in a case conducted to persevere. You should have heard it, sir. I was likewise pleased with the conclusion—What did you hear or our matters in New York—Did you hear that? Shall we expect to see our way home?"

"Why, I can't say minister didn't preach such long sermons. I remember when he used to twelve to a sensible but rigid and conscientious man, Miss Kedesdaw, who was not only determined to be good, but fiercely determined; and put on determined that everybody that she had anything to do with should be good, too. She was angular and something more—sometimes but true as cast within; straightforward, truthful, and as unbending in kindness as she was energetic in duty.

"My dear," said she, emphatically, "you don't go to church to be easy. That isn't what religion is for. It is to stir us up. We are naturally lazy. I don't believe in plush cushions in the new and plush sermons in the church. Feathers feathers! is the ruin of many souls. The rod of wind fills souls."

"But, Aunt, don't you think a sermon that interests you does more good than one that wearies you?"

"My dear, you ought to be interested. Dr. Burd can't make me interested. It is not the minister's business is to give it to the people to be feed it, and it's their business to be interested."

An older niece modestly asked:

"Well, Aunt, if the minister has only to give us the truth as he finds it, what's the use of our read the Bible, and pray?"

"Why, what's got into you, children? I don't think it is an improving spirit for people to criticise what they hear, and find fault with the sermon. There's enough in every one of 'em, if we were in a right state of mind, to do us good. It is bad manners to find fault with your food at table, and a good deal worse in a sermon."

The Calvinists went to the Westminster. On a plain table stood some crackers and cheese, some plain gingerbread, and a plate of butter, and a pitcher of cider drew all around the head of the table.

Calhoun, in a very clear and concise manner, stated to the doctor the substance of the sermon. He appealed it as an intellectual effort, but inclined to doubt if it was adapted to edify.

"I am inclined to think that the Arminian and Calvinist, when sufficiently developed, do hold the facts substantially alike. The issue is not accuracy, is forced, is subtle—and the video them on the point. I am inclined to think high rhetorical preaching is too often unfaithful than some suppose."

"There was two sides to that, Calhoun," said Wentworth: "New-England metaphysics have been a powerful agent against materialism. It may be that to any great time, a high doctrinal sermon is not so edifying as a simple practical one would be. But a community brought up, through a hundred years, to look their thought upon themes remote, difficult, and infinite, will be far better than if they had been left to their easy thought. Something is always to be considered in such discussion, not only as to the effect of preaching on the immediate conduct, but even as a power, though not even as an important effect, upon that whole moral constitution and social habit which is the grand foundation and source of conduct."

"But do you not see churches worn out and wasted with such dry discussion?"

"The fault not in the idea, but in the execution. Either extreme becomes unfruitful. High philosophy thought may, and should, feed a broad practical applications."

"I see what you mean. True doctrinal preaching, though it flies high, should, like clouds, before it gush through, come down to the ground in rain."

"Exactly. Look at the history of New-England mind to a large way. I think we owe everything to her theologians, and more to the most doctrinal. They were shut out from the world—in danger of becoming provincial and narrow. The outlet was found—not in commercial speculations, nor in art or literature—but in theology. Such men as Edwards, Hop kins, Smalley, West, Bellamy, Backus, Burton, Emmons lifted up the New-England mind into a range of speculation and conviction that elevated and strengthened it as art never could have done."

"You are right; but I don't see what you would have had Dr. Snell to his face for his metaphysical sermon."

"Only for word-sermon; thought-sermons require no test high. But a tangle of reasonings made up mostly of nice distinctions of words is the bloodless way philosophy. Bunt does often get into this vicious style. But I could show you good specimens of what I call verbal collar sermons—a mere snarl of words crawling over and tumbling each other, all through the text."

"But what if a minister preaches real thoughts, but leaves them without application?"

"He is like a man who draws a bucket of water from a deep, deep well—like yours, for instance, sighs feet deep,—good water, clear, cold, wholesome; and, just as he brings the bucket up within a few feet of the curb, he leaves it there, where you can't reach it, and leaves you thirsty. A cup of water that you cannot reach is as far off as one two feet below the face of the well as it is were at the bottom again."

Farmers, having looked at their horses, and given them a feed of hay, are in the stalls, were talking about in groups, talking of various things, and, every one of them, first or last, something to say of the sermon. Many a quaint remark, many a shrewd observation, and a homely illustration was suggested full of real thought. Some of the best, in point of form formation, and habits of reading, led off into discussion, and the rest fell in and assisted each other, which showed that, however dry to some, the sermon was not dry to the people who listened them in earnest actively.

Mr. Gulley, one of the deacons and now joined the company, and, in the absence of the author of the sermon, he expressed himself promptly:

"I don't think that Dr. Snell is getting in the true and practical up-hold from grace, and difficult. I don't believe there is a man in the town but shows that there won't be grace about it; 'twas something else to fill them. There ever was no sin up some of your new-fangled scientific trees in the field. Old Elder Hopkins used to say that out these Methodist noises here."

"Well, Gulley, don't you believe a man can fall from grace?"

"I believe he means to; he ought to keep right along—that's my notion."

"But that is not to the plat. Gust's Christian man fall from grace?"

"Yes, my judgment is that if a man is once converted, he'll stay converted. If he's got grace, he'll keep it."

"You mean it will keep him."

"I'm not sure that it doesn't hint him much, if

MY ESTATE IN CLOUDLAND.

BY ANNIE HAYES.

I have a castle, golden gay,
And broad domains that round it lay,
In the realms of Cloudland, far away.

When the sunset glows in the crimson hours,
There comes a flash of the silver towers,
And a perfumed gale from the brave bright bowers.

The lands are threaded by many a stream,
Islanded lakes like crystal gleam,
Hill and valley sweep off like a dream.

I have a lover, a gallant knight,
Who waits for me in this castle bright,
To fill it with love, and joy, and light.

In the glimmering gray of the early morn,
He rides to the chase, of his armor shorn,
And winds the note of the hunting-horn.

But my colors, so bright, on his helmet glance,
Gay as the Golden Lilies of France,
When he rides to the tilt with his goodly lance.

And when he has doffed the stern raiment of Mars,
And the moon glimmers softly through faint amber bars,
He leans on his terrace and studies the stars.

Thinking not of the prize from the tough tourney borne,
Nor the silver stag slain at the hunt of the morn,
He dreams of his lady-love, sad and forlorn.

And my thoughts are with him in that hour of rest,
And the passionate prayer of my lonely breast
Is to live with him the life of the Blest.

Changeless as love is the fiat of fate;
And I must come to my proud estate
In the realms of Cloudland, soon or late!

OLIVIA'S LOVER.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Olivia Charsley sat in the wide, bright room at Ringwood, that was considered especially hers, but in which the rest liked to linger, as somehow the pleasantest room in the house. It was a pleasant room, but it was charmed with the presence of a woman, which, perhaps, had something to do with it.

Olivia was an invalid. She would have been a beautiful, full-statured woman but for some nervous ailment which had for three years crippled her lower limbs, and forced her little feet to lie all day upon cushions.

She had a very quiet face, a little weary, perhaps—for it was sad for youth and beauty to be so crippled,—but the quiet face of one who had learned to endure.

She sat in a wheeled chair which, as she touched it, moved noiselessly whither she chose.

There was a fire upon the hearth, and before it stood a young man, Sidney Grant, Olivia's cousin by courtesy, being the adopted son of that uncle who, in dying, had bequeathed all his large property to Olivia and her brother Jocelyn, instead of to Sidney, as every one had expected he would.

Sidney Grant must have looked a handsome, bright-faced, rather merry fellow in his genial moments, but the present did not seem such. His chestnut brown hair was drooping over his forehead, and he stood half sulky, half ashamed, biting his lip savagely, and not looking at Olivia.

He had just asked her to marry him, and she, with her face paler even than its wont, and her little hands shaking with agitation, was saying:

"Yes, Sidney, I heard you; I was on the landing, and heard you say all those shameful and unjust things about Jocelyn, and—and about me. You don't love me, Sidney, you know you don't. You just want to marry me for the [illegible] money. [illegible] shame! You are [illegible] wish you had [illegible] asked [illegible] marry you because of it."

Sidney did not try to look at her, as he asked:

"What was it I said about you, Olivia? I don't remember. I have felt so bitter, that I have said a great many things I did not mean. Perhaps that was one."

"You meant it," Olivia answered, quietly; "you said that I was a tame, spiritless little thing, and you had about as lieve do without the money, as to take me with it. I may be tame and spiritless, I haven't much to make me otherwise, but you can have the money much easier than you can have me, and you must have it without me, if you have it at all."

"I don't want your money, Olivia," the young man jerked out between his teeth, and, after a pause:

"I was a pitiful scoundrel to want to marry you because of the money—and I did, partly for that, and partly to plague Jocelyn!"

"It would not plague Jocelyn. Jocelyn is a much better friend to you than you deserve he should be. He even does not resent, though he knows what you have said about the will."

"Because he knows it is true."

"It is *not* true; you must not say such things to *me*, Sidney. Jocelyn Charsley is one of the noblest, most upright gentlemen that ever lived. I, his sister, say it; and who should know him better than I? It was not his fault that my Uncle George, in making his will, ignored your existence in our favor, that he willed his property to us instead of to you. Why should you have it more than we?"

"I had reason to expect it would be mine," said Sidney, still sullen, but a little less so, and looking more frankly at Olivia. "I was his son by adoption. I know that he meant to leave me his money. It does not look reasonable that he should leave it all away from me, unless he was influenced against me by others."

"Do you want to know why he did so? I will tell you. It was because he had found out what sort of a life you were leading; how—in plain terms, Cousin Sidney,—how dissipated you were. He did not wish to leave his money to be spent as he believed you would spend it; and he thought money would be a curse rather than a blessing to a man living the life you were."

Olivia, aggravated by what had already passed, spoke with great spirit; and Sidney was hot-tempered.

"Did he think that taking from me the fortune I had been taught to expect would reform me, or did he dedicate that delicate task to you?" he said, with an emphasis so angry that it was almost sneering.

Olivia colored vividly and her eyes shone. But she spoke more quietly, when her lips opened again.

"You are scarcely human to speak so to me," she began.

Sidney interrupted her.

"I was a brute! forgive me before you go any farther, Olivia!"

He was kneeling beside her chair, his too handsome face upturned to Olivia Charsley's; his fine eyes raised in pleading eloquence to hers. Olivia's heart was not a hard one, albeit he had hurt her so deeply, and though she would have died sooner than have him know it, that little sensitive organ of hers had been too deeply touched by his handsome face and winning ways to be otherwise than soft to him. She turned her face from him, but he caught between his the little white hand upon her knee, and plead so earnestly to be forgiven that she looked again at him with a sad but very sweet smile.

"It was not my fault, cousin," she said, gently, her delicate cheek flushing, "that my Uncle George made your regaining half his money conditional upon marrying a poor, crippled, spiritless little thing like me."

His head dropped guilty at her quotation of his own words. He had in a passion spoken as she said; but he did not think so now. He caught his breath with a half sob, and she could see his white forehead flushing with shame, as he left the room; and then, as she covered her face with her hands, tears forced their way through the slender, jewelled fingers.

"Jocelyn," she said, as her brother leaned tenderly over her chair that evening, "I want to ask a great—a very great favor of you."

Her sweet face paled as she spoke.

"Well, pet," he said, kindly, "it could not well be too great for me to grant."

"Ah, you don't know. Will you promise beforehand?"

Jocelyn looked down into the pretty, pale, anxious face. She was his only and darling sister, and he was not accustomed to refuse her anything. He felt just a little doubtful now; but what could she want that she ought not to have? Surely nothing; so he said, laughing at the changing expression of her face:

"Yes—no—*yes!*"

"You promise!" she exclaimed, clasping her childish fingers. "You said yes."

"I believe I did," her brother said, laughing still, but curious.

She drew his ear down to her lips.

"I want you should let me give all my share of Uncle George's money to Sidney."

Jocelyn Charsley's face grew grave in an instant.

"You are not in earnest, Pet?"

He called her Pet habitually.

"Yes, very firmly."

"But why?"

"Because I don't want it, and he does; and, you know you have enough for both of us, and"—archly—"you had rather share with me than not."

Jocelyn pondered a few moments.

"You have refused Sidney?"

"Yes," looking away suddenly.

"But I thought you liked him," Jocelyn said, bluntly.

"I do—not enough to marry him, though." She corrected herself without betraying Sidney. She wished her brother to know the truth.

"He would not want me to marry him if it were not for the money," she said. "I prefer that he should have it without feeling that he must take me with it. You know, Jocelyn, it cannot be at all pleasant to me to feel that my money is extended to Sidney as a sort of bribe to him to marry a poor crippled girl like me."

"But Uncle George only promised him the money through you. If he cannot win your consent to marry him, you retain the money; it all rests with you."

"I know; and for that very reason I wash my hands of it. You will have to support me hereafter, brother. Will you attend to the business part at once—*please* at once?"

Jocelyn reasoned and persuaded, but in vain. Olivia was firm, and he ended by agreeing to do as she wished.

"He won't have it," was Jocelyn's announcement to Olivia, after a vigorous effort to *make* Sidney accept the gift. "He flushed up as though I had insulted him, and swore, with his eyes flashing, that he'd '*go hang*' before he would touch a farthing of it."

"I expected he would," said Olivia, quietly. "It is merely a question of firmness between us, and we shall see who has the most."

Inwardly she added:

"I may be spiritless, but I've got as much firmness as Sidney Grant."

It is so hard for women to forgive such speeches as that, whatever they say; and who ever knew a woman *forget?*

"You can deposit it somewhere in his name, I suppose; can't you, Jocelyn?" she went on.

Jocelyn saw she was in earnest, and said he supposed he could.

"Shall I tell him?" he asked.

Olivia thought a moment.

"Yes; I think it would be better so."

Ten minutes after Jocelyn left the room Sidney rushed in, his eyes wild, himself flurried.

"You said you would forgive me," he began. "Is this the way you do it?"

Olivia looked up questioningly. It is only women who can put on that air of innocent unconsciousness, when they know perfectly well what you are talking about.

"You thought I needed still more humiliating, did you?" he went on, hotly. "However much I may need that, I will not touch the money—you know I will not."

"You can do as you like, you know," Olivia said, smilingly. "It will repose safely at your banker's till you are of a different mind."

"That I shall never be. Oh! Olivia, you might have spared me this."

He looked so distressed and chagrined that out of sheer pity Olivia explained:

"I could not do otherwise, in justice to myself. Besides, the spirit of my uncle's condition is already fulfilled."

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him in kind earnestness, but seemed perplexed to express herself. With his quick intuitions, Sidney caught at her meaning, and in that frank way that was peculiar to him, and was so impulsive as to be almost boyish, he said:

"I was never half so far gone as you all thought. It was bad enough, though; and this—this bad luck—no, this sort of check, you know—came just in time, I guess, after all. I'm a new man, Olivia, if that is what you mean, and I'm gladder to have you think that of me, after what has happened, than to have the paltry money."

"And yet he would have parted with his manhood for it yesterday," Olivia could not help saying to herself.

He read aright the expression of her eye, or else he had the same thought, for he added, quickly:

"It is true, contradiction as it may seem."

"I believe you," Olivia said, simply, leaning back in her wheeled chair, and looking up at him, with eyes serene and lustrous as the heavens, but just as unwavering.

"You will be generous," he said, "and not bother me any more about that money."

"I sha'n't bother you, of course; and I am not generous—I am only just."

He bit his lip, and took two or three turns about the room. He was near losing his temper, but controlled himself.

Suddenly he dropped on his knee by her chair, just as he had done the night before.

"I swear to you, Olivia," he said, taking her hands in his, "if I asked you to marry me yesterday without loving you, I love you to-day without asking you to marry me. I do indeed. You don't believe me, but it is true when it is too late."

"I don't believe you; certainly I do not. Besides, you are assuming too much," she said, laughing.

"Am I? To be sure. But I did use to fancy you cared for me. And you didn't?"

He went out of the room quite abruptly then, and the subject was not resumed in the week he still stayed at Ringwood, excepting that Jocelyn presented him with a bundle of vouchers from the bank one day, and Sidney sent them at his head in return.

If Olivia had found Sidney likeable before, he was something infinitely beyond what she had hitherto known of him during that last week of his stay.

He had always, up to the day of Olivia's refusal of him, been, to speak plainly, more or less *sulky*. But that was all gone now, and it is impossible to do justice in words to the vivacity, the gay, good humor with which he overflowed, or to describe what an altogether fascinating and agreeable fellow he proved himself.

At the end of the week he went away from Ringwood, and they did not get a word from him for two years.

There came a letter then, characteristic enough to have betrayed the identity without any signature. It was to Olivia, of course, and ran thus:

"Somebody has died and left me some money. Of course, I'm sorry he's dead, but I'm glad of the money, and I'm coming down to Ringwood to ask you to marry me. SIDNEY."

Olivia read the letter, and looked at herself in the glass with a very comfortable consciousness that the two years had made her more beautiful than she ever was. Then she made Jocelyn promise not to meddle; and went back into her wheeled chair just as though she had never left it, and never expected to.

It was the way Sidney expected to find her; and he knelt before her thus with the reverent tenderness he would have offered his patron saint.

He had lost nothing either in his good looks; and Olivia felt a proud consciousness that he was every inch the man he looked.

"But a crippled wife, Sidney," she said, blushing exquisitely and trying to look grave; "you should well consider——"

"My darling!" he exclaimed, in the old, abrupt, wild fashion, "if I had come back to Ringwood, and found only this little finger! (kissing it,) I would have entreated it to be my wife all the same. Don't you love me a little, Olivia?"

Putting her dainty, jewelled finger-tips upon his shoulders, she stepped out of her chair as a sceptred queen might have come down from her throne, and stood regal in health and beauty before him.

"Oh, Olivia! you can walk!" he cried, with a laughable look of mingled rapture and amazement; "and," as her rosy lips lingered at his ear, "*you love me!* God bless my darling!"

ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now, Kitty, be sure the pudding goes over to boil at four o'clock, and keep an eye to the roast meat, for the Deacon don't like it burned."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be sure and remember," said Kitty Clifford, curtseying prettily.

"And Kate," said Deacon Osprey, "don't let stragglers in, whatever you do, for there's that five hundred dollars in gold in the back bedroom chest, and all the silver spoons."

"I will be very careful, sir," said Kitty.

"Kitty! Kitty! Come here and tie my cravat," said Silas Osprey, who was fidgetting before the mirror.

So Kitty stood up on a footstool, blushing and smiling, to tie Mr. Silas's cravat for meeting.

"I wish you were going with us, Kitty," said the young man, with his chin elevated stiffly in the air. "Next Sunday I'll take you."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Kitty, growing pinker and pinker, as her slender fingers pulled out the bow, and adjusted the ends. "Will that do, Mr. Silas?"

And Mrs. Osprey who had followed her husband out to the solid-looking old lumber-wagon, gave a meaning, backward glance.

"I think Silas is getting fond of our Kitty," said the mother sagely.

"Is he?" said the Deacon, with a disturbed face. "But, wife, how little we know about her, except since the day she came here with her little bundle under her arm, asking for service."

"Yes, [illegible] very true," said Mrs. Osprey; "but she's pretty and smart, and I know she is good, and——"

"Silas! Silas! Are you going to stand there all day?" called out the father, and so they drove away, with Kitty standing at the lonely farm-house door, her silken brown curls blown about in the dismal November wind, and her blue eyes sparkling beneath their prettily-arched brows.

She went back into the house, singing softly under her breath, to prepare things for the tea-dinner which the hungry church-goers would expect when they returned—a brisk, neat-handed little Phyllis, whose step was scarce heavier on the pine floor than a falling leaf would have been!

She had put the pudding on to boil as the kitchen clock chimed four, and ran down into the cellar to get the vegetables from their bins. She was gone but a minute or two, but when she returned, the door leading upstairs, which she had left closed, stood wide open, and on the lower stair a muddy footprint was distinctly imprinted.

Kitty's heart stood still with undefined terror, as she remembered the bag of twenty dollar gold pieces in the big back-chamber chest.

And while she stood there, holding by the table for support, she could hear confused footsteps up stairs, and the murmur of deep voices.

Then there was more than one. Kitty's first instinct—that of defending her master's treasures to the last, even were it with her life—gave way to more practical considerations. She thought of flying out into the road and crying aloud for help, but then she remembered, with a pang of despair, how lonely was the desolate hillside, with the nearest dwelling full a mile distant.

"What can I do? Oh, what can I do?" thought Kitty, clasping both hands over her throbbing forehead.

But while her thoughts ran all in a whirl, and her heart beat tempestuously, the footsteps neared the stairway—the unwelcome guests were once more coming down. Instinctively Kitty shrank behind the jagged brick projections of the old chimney.

Two stout-built, short men, dressed in coarse gray, slouched down into the kitchen, with the easy confidence of those who imagine themselves entirely without witnesses. Kitty had never seen them before, yet they seemed quite "posted" as to the various rooms in the straggling farm-house.

"Come on, Jim, we've got all we're likely to get in this confounded old shanty," said one, balancing his foot on one of the iron fire-dogs, "and besides the folks will be home presently."

"Sandy Bill afraid!" jeeringly called out the other, who was opening and shutting the various cupboards and drawers about the apartment, greedily eyeing their contents.

"Hallo! here's some silver spoons."

"Stow 'em away and let's be moving," said Bill. "Confound this bag! it jingles like a string o' sleigh-bells!"

"Well, come then," said the other, discontentedly. "I opine five hundred aint a bad day's work; but somehow I thought, from the looks of the crib, there might be old silver or some such grabbings."

And they lounged out, side by side, with a cool deliberation that was almost appalling to the trembling girl who lurked in the shadow of the jagged brick-work.

But Kitty Clifford's mind had been at work while she stood there; her resolution was taken.

Hurriedly tying a shawl around her head and shoulders, she sprang out of the house, by the back way, and hastened through a lonely piece of woods which formed a short cut to the road they must presently emerge upon.

"They would be hidden away somewhere long before I could summon help," thought Kitty. "No—whatever is done I must do myself."

On either side the road was shut in by stunted cedar bushes, mingled with the clever growth of the gleaming silver-birch, and Kitty knew she could keep in sight of them unseen.

"If they should see *me!* If they should suspect my errand," thought poor Kitty, with thrills of cold terror. "Oh, it would be hard to be murdered in these solitary woods; to have my master think *I* stole the gold, and Mr. Silas——"

While the thoughts passed through her mind, the ring of coming footsteps echoed on the hard, frozen ground. Kitty's conjecture had proved correct—they had taken the Hill Road.

Onward, steadily onward, they pushed, Kitty contriving to keep nearly parallel with them, though she had to fight her way through matted vines and thorny bushes. Fortunately the wind had risen, and its mournful, rustling sound through the tree-tops hid the noise she unavoidably made, else her detection would have been little short of inevitable.

But with every precaution the peril was great. As she stepped unconsciously upon the fallen branch of a decayed tree, it snapped beneath her tread with a sharp, splintering sound! The two men paused to listen, seemed to consult together an instant, and then turned quickly toward the very copse in which she was hiding.

Poor Kitty! She sank noiselessly down like a wounded bird, crouching away in mortal terror. But, although their footsteps almost touched the fluttering ends of her brown shawl, the gathering dusk stood her friend, and they passed by, unconscious of her presence.

It was several minutes before Kitty dared to rise once more to her feet; and then they were half way up a hill side, dotted with blackened stumps, where a charcoal burner's shanty, long unused, and in a ruinous condition, stood, with its one unglazed window seeming to survey the valley like an eye.

Kitty saw them disappear into this hut—she saw them emerge once more, descending the uneven slope with long, running strides, and striking once more into the road.

And when they passed the concealed watcher, the muffled, jingling sound that had heretofore accompanied their footsteps was gone.

"You're a fool, Bill!" sullenly exclaimed one, as they stopped to rest on the edge of the road, and the taller stooped to drink from a clear little stream, using the hollow of his hand as an impromptu goblet.

"No, I aint a fool," said Bill, dashing the bright drops away from his moustache; "but I don't see no use in running unnecessary risks. Suppose we should meet some one?"

"We sha'n't!"

"I'm none so sure of that. Anyway, it's best to be on the safe side, and to-morrow night——"

Their voices lowered a little now, died away into the distance, and Kitty, standing alone in the woods, tried to collect her scattered thoughts into some definite plan of action.

"Shall I still follow them? or shall I go up and see if they have not hidden their booty in that hut?"

For one moment she hesitated, then she began to creep up the hill-side with weary feet and lagging limbs, for fatigue and terror were beginning to tell upon her slender frame.

It was nearly dark when she crossed the mouldering threshold and stood in the solitary cabin. Through the started timbers of the roof the steel-gray sky gleamed with unnatural light, while the half-decayed boards of the floor creaked and gave beneath her weight. A fluttering noise in one corner made her heart turn chill, and the next instant she perceived it was but a dusky-winged bat, beating itself against the beams and rafters.

She stole tremulously forward to look into the [illegible] of the mud chimney, the only place, as it seemed to her, where anything as large as the Deacon's canvas bag could be concealed. And as she picked her way a board sprung beneath her feet—a board which had been loosely laid across two beams without any securing nail. Instinctively she stooped—and there before her, wedged in between the heavy timbers, over which had lain the board, was the little canvas bag!

She caught it in both hands, hugging it close to her breast, and hurried towards the door. But, as she advanced out of the close, mouldy air of the cabin into the gray November twilight, the strength seemed to die out of her limbs, the vitality to ebb from her heart.

"Surely, surely I am not going to perish *now*," she thought, wildly, "when the danger is all surmounted, the peril all past! God will never let me die in this lonely place!"

The half-murmured aspiration was still on her lips when all sense and feeling left her, and she sank utterly unconscious on the door-step, with the canvas bag STILL CLASPED TO HER HEART!

It was quite dark when the old lumber-wagon rolled up to the door, and Mrs. Osprey came into the house, carrying the "extra" shawl upon her arm.

"Kitty! Kitty! Why, where is the child?"

In vain she called. The fire had died out upon the hearth—the pan of vegetables stood upon the table, just as the girl had left it—the doors were open, and altogether there was an air of confused desolation about the dark and dreary house.

"Deacon Osprey," said the frightened matron, grasping her husband's arm, "what does this mean?"

The Deacon set his teeth tightly together, but made no answer. He walked silently up stairs into the back room, and presently returned.

"It means, wife," he said, in a husky voice——

"Hush!" said Mrs. Osprey, with a start. "What's that?"

"Something at the door," said Silas, rising to open it. And as he did so, a slender figure, drenched with chill rain, and robed in soiled, brier-torn garments, tottered forward into his arms, and the bag of gold fell to the kitchen floor with a dull, heavy sound.

"Kitty!" he cried; "Mother, it is Kitty, and she is dying!"

But Kitty Clifford was not dying—she was only fainting from fatigue and over exertion, and Mrs. Osprey's kindly care soon restored her to strength and animation. The Deacon listened silently to her story, and when she had finished he stroked her bright hair down with a gentle touch.

"My little girl," he said, "you have been very brave."

"Were you not frightened, Kitty?" asked Silas, tenderly.

"Yes, but it was worse when I came to myself after that fainting fit in the cabin on the hill. O, it was so dark—so dismal—so solitary, with owls hooting in the woods, and a bat flying round and round close to the ceiling."

When Messrs. "Jim and Sandy Bill" came after their secreted treasures the next night, their state of minds may easily be fancied. But they never suspected who the marplot was. Least of all would they have dreamed of pretty Kate Clifford, who was just engaged to be married to Deacon Osprey's son Silas.

PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE.—There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WOMAN wishing to test her husband's feelings towards her, had it given out, when he was coming home from a journey, that she was dead, to see how he would act. He took the matter very coolly, whereupon she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared alarmed; a person by said, "Why, sir, you seem more afraid now than before!" "Ay," replied he, "most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one."

A BEAUTIFUL, simple-minded and honest-hearted girl of eighteen was taken before a clergyman, up-town, the other day, by her parents, to be married to a rich old suitor of sixty-five, and on being asked, "Do you take this man to be your husband," &c., she burst out laughing, and said, "How droll you are. This is the first time any one has thought of asking me such a question. Certainly, if I had been asked before I should have said no, but as it is, come on."

"Now, gents," said a Yankee at dinner, "guess I'll show you somethin' that no critter in this room ever seed afore, and not a critter livin' ever will see 'gain. D'ye bet?" The bet was made, and the Yankee took a nut off the dessert plate, and cracking it, held up the kernel between his fingers and thumb. "Now, gents, I calculate none of yer ever seed that kernel afore, and (swallowing it) I guess you'll never see it again. Please fork out."

A GIRL in one of the public schools in Springfield, Mass., applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the School Committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

A GENTLEMAN recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him twopence) commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

AN old man picked up a half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal. "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes!" replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," rejoined the old gentleman; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time."

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters," and that the Board of Health should see that all such "corpses" should be speedily removed from the city limits.

REV. DR. HAWES was once carrying something hid under his cloak, when an impertinent parishioner asked him what he had under his cloak? To which the Doctor quietly answered, "I carry it there that you might not know."

"AM I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

"THAT cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jones, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jones replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

A MORRISANIA barkeeper announces his establishment in this way: "Insurance against thirst at fixed premiums, payable in cash."

MANY seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is the plaster of Paris.

A "monster in human form" says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

A JOURNEYMAN blacksmith says he has been striking for hire wages these twenty years, with uniform success.

IF the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

IF a young woman bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN living in [illegible], Ind., who had an implacable grudge against his wife and child, took them into a wood, about ten o'clock one night lately, and making them sit down by the root of a tree, told them he meant to kill them; and then, notwithstanding their piteous entreaties, he beat their brains out with large stones, laid their bodies side by side, and covered them with his wife's shawl, then went to a brother's house several miles distant, and wrote out an account of the murder. After which he took his brother's rifle, went into the door-yard, and shot himself through the heart.

A LAKE larger than Superior is said to exist in British Columbia, north of Lake Superior. It has, as the story goes, been concealed by the Hudson Bay Company, but it is probable that the new government of Canada will have that region thoroughly explored. The lake is named Neepignon, and abounds with fish, and its borders with game and fur animals.

A LADY in Worcester picked up a greenback in the street, the other day, and a man who observed her stepped up immediately and demanded it, saying that he had just dropped a $5 bill. She gave up the money without looking at it, but a gentleman caused the arrest of the man, when it proved that the bill was of the $10 denomination.

Two old men got into an altercation at Madison, Indiana, a few days since, when one drew a revolver, shot the other mortally, went home, and, overcome with remorse, fired a ball into his own breast with the same weapon, and died the next day.

A LADY of Maryland, whose husband was crushed between the cars of the Maryland Northern Central Railroad, and then locked in a warehouse and left to die, on Monday last recovered a verdict of $15,000 against the railroad company.

AN extraordinary piece of news is current in Paris, to the effect that a high military officer is under arrest, accused of treasonable practices, and in particular of having betrayed to Prussia the French plan of a campaign in case of a war.

A MAN in Milwaukee works up dead dogs at a profit of about $2.30 each. The skins are used for gloves, the hair for mattresses, and the bodies are boiled to secure the grease and gluten, while the bones are ground up for deodorizers.

THERE is in the cellar of a Nashville brewery a mammoth frog, weighing twelve pounds, which is supposed to have attained his enormous size from the nourishment received from the beverage manufactured at that establishment.

AN awful tragedy occurred recently in the court-room at Matanzas. A man shot his own wife and her mother during the process of a suit for alimony, and threatened the spectators who dared to interfere. He was at length secured.

A DEFAULTING president of a Mobile bank escaped one day last week from the Cahaba jail, where he was confined, plunged into the river and was drowned. Whether he intended escape, or suicide, could not be determined.

SLANDEROUS gossip impelled a young lady in Michigan to end her existence with strychnine, and to leave a letter with instructions to tell those who tried to injure her that they might enjoy the privilege over her grave.

ADVICES from Hong Kong, China, state that the United States gunboat Ashuelot had bombarded a town on the island of Formosa, the natives of which murdered the shipwrecked crew of the American bark Rover.

IN Salem, on Saturday, William E. Allen, a lad of 13 years, son of Ira G. Allen, climbed a tree to extricate a kite, when a limb broke and he fell to the ground, breaking his neck and dying instantly.

A TEMPERANCE man at Fitchburg, Mass., was annoyed the other day by the State Constables, who confiscated a private still, with which he had been carrying on a comfortable little business.

A KANSAS farmer has a locust trap. He scatters hay around his wheat. The locusts gather in it at night, and he sets fire to it early in the morning. He thus saved his wheat.

ANY one, in Massachusetts, who mutilates or defaces a book taken from a public library in that State is henceforth liable to a fine of from five to one thousand dollars.

Two notorious outlaws were wrested from the sheriff's hands at Warrenton, Mo., May 24, by a vigilance committee, and summarily executed by hanging.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. VII.

RULES AND PRINCIPLES.

BY REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

The two things most essential to man are knowledge and character. Wealth and reputation are secured, but, in the long run, are secured while knowledge and character are a part of themselves. Of these the one is to be acquired, the other to be formed, and both depend upon choice.

At the most essential, and involving the whole destiny of man, character depends wholly upon choice, for it is the object of supreme choice that determines character. Other things may be characteristic, but character is determined by that which alone prefers on the whole to underlying else, and consists in that preference.

Knowledge does not depend wholly upon choice. The presence of physical want, or the lack of opportunity, may prevent some from acquiring the knowledge they would; but in the present age, and in this country, a resolute person will enable almost any one to reach the higher walks of knowledge.

Knowledge is power to be used in the service of character, and is itself increased or diminished wholly as, in the field of knowledge, a man chooses will result in character or in the contrary. In that character being great, the talents, the genius, the learning, the eloquence, the fame, and the success in life, will depend upon the kind and extent of his knowledge. This ought to be said at the outset, that, in the proper time, to take himself under his own guidance, and, without caprice on the one hand, or slavish routine on the other, to pursue freely and independently the ends of life rationally chosen. What kind of knowledge will enable him to do this is

Coming up as we do from the blackness of infancy, there is a period when we must be wholly dependent on the knowledge of others. This is the condition of human life, and the attempt to purge such knowledge would be folly. It is the support provided for us to lean upon till we are able to walk alone. Such knowledge expresses itself in rules, maxims, formulas, and customs. These are the condensed wisdom of ages, and it is natural and suitable that when a young person comes into the presence of these he should look upon them as the best, and submit to them their implicitly.

Such knowledge is traditional, or has been, by early education. In this we are taught the elements of arithmetic and of grammar, and are assisted where we can do the sum and parse the verse according to the rule. It thus becomes possible to do every part in the book and to parse every word without understanding the reason of a single rule; and there is a tendency to stick to the habit of it, from the ignorance and boldness of the pupil and teacher. This tendency and habit pass into other things, leading to acquiescence without comprehension, and making life a mechanical routine.

But there is a period of manhood implied by rules, maxims, forms, usages, customs, we never intended. The world has been governed more than too much. Often erroneously based, or becoming obsolete, sustained in by indolence, sustained by interest and ambition, and made sacred by time, they have hitherto been the shields and incrustations that have not only become barriers to progress, but subversive of the very ends of society.

The knowledge just spoken of is good in its place, but it is against resting in it that I desire to guard the student. Let them know the rule, and how to apply it. Let them know the maxim, the form or usage, but let them not suppose till they know also the reason, the ground, the principle, that the rule is applied, adapted, and appropriate to the present condition and wants of society. It is true that this is not always the case, or the subject is not always so clear as that is sufficient? For practical purposes, in the world around us in its own sense, it may be but too much higher and more satisfactory the position if we know the reason of the rule and its application through that. And what can be more puerile than to gain the satisfaction of height, and of acting in our highest capacity as rational? This is practical life, and on most subjects, as rules or usages can ever apply to the new emergencies and combinations that will be constantly occur, and the successful men are those who, from the principle, are enabled to be to frame them for themselves to meet those new combinations. This is what young men need—rules in their place, but above all the principles of rules, and facilities of mind that will be able to make new combinations in view of the new developments and magnificent possibilities of the present age.

This the rote rules and usages to principles and free methods in view of ends, men have been slow in taking—it is wonderful how slow. Indolence has reluctated against it, authority has forbidden, and education has not attempted it. Among whole nations and races there is, even now, no movement forwards it, and so superstitions, and formularies, and mummeries, and modes, and tyrannies rest quietly in their old dominion. But now, in this land, and especially in the more favored parts of it, the step is being taken rashly. The spirit of it is being distilled into the atmosphere of thought, it is carrying our systems of education, our colleges, our Normal schools, our Common schools, and even our churches, sometimes tumultuously and absurdly, into our most elementary instruction.

It is the movement thus indicated that is to be quickened and regulated. Into the spirit of it every young man is called to enter, for it is only the kind of knowledge implied in it that will enable him to take on his own. When it is said that the foundation of our institutions is the knowledge and virtue of the people, it is to be remembered that all knowledge will not serve for this. A knowledge of the general already prepared for society to run in, and of the best mode of filling places of authority and government, will not do. No, the people as a body must be trained, not merely for knowledge that will make them skilled artisans, efficient producers, and a manageable or blundering constituency, but to insight, and comprehension, and to the power of applying principles to the complex produces that constantly arise; and if we cannot have a people able to do this, and conscientiously disposed to do it for the public good, our institutions will be a failure. To the possession of such a people managers, wire-pullers, tricksters, and demagogues oppose a nonentity, who have knowledge enough of a certain kind, and too much conscience, to succeed in a community that is now so wide and disastrous, would find themselves in a disorder. Then we have the people and the natural and legitimate leadership of society in the hands of those who ought to be led.

The work of forming such a people is the great and most important one of the age, and is to be accomplished by diffusing Christianity, and with the diffusion of Christianity, general education. Many things in the present and prospective conditions he has been under, there is no limit to the possibilities of its future. So much has to be done, but the process must be slow. It requires indeed that the most enlightened and earnestly knowledge, but the transition by the people from the knowledge that we have to the executive, as of facts, rules, usages, actionables, is a task which is difficult and discouraging, and though this step may not seem difficult, it is not involved in being by people of years in their own thinking, which is the last thing they can be brought to do.

In the meantime, let what will become of organization, each man must work in his own sphere respect to acquire as fully as possible the kind of knowledge that is adapted to it. If he cannot, this alone will place him on his own feet, and he will be prepared for any emergency of action. It is just that part of education in which he is deficient that God designs to supply in which, if he be in earnest, lost aid is needed. He has to be himself in investigations in chemistry, in which he made some important contributions. He invented a gas for producing anæsthesia in wine, and of detecting the presence of chloroform in the body. Besides, he was the practice of medicine by the dangerous illness of his partner, Dr. Morton, compelled by the necessity in which he found himself, of giving some medicines to the sick, that could not be without having discovered better.

It was a great step for Wells to take a friend, "that the sovereign and paternal goodness of God in the provision designed to be made for the worthy of Him, who provides largely for the whole race of the intelligent creation, and those who spends with gratitude life and happiness from the hands of the Author of all good, and who creature to the torments of remediless disease; and I am persuaded that many would have been placed within reach of such acute magic and inhalation of chloroform, if Wells, and Morton, and Jackson had not lived."

He never discovered it, though he would long since have been discovered."

In this condition of affairs of finance and fortune, by the time made possible that is especially needed in life. It is between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, or twenty-fifth, that a man is to be constructive, nor fertilizing intellectualists. It is the transition from the life of the student to that of the learner around us, for it is especially commanded, and is an in the school of the world to put in new movements and works.

In nature, especially, uniformity, order, punctuality, are in the place of principle, and where the principle is present they are not needed. But in the beginning she has not varied a particle in her operations, and throughout she has maintained the uniformity of her species, the order of her seasons, and the punctuality of her laws. Whether at a second in bringing the earth round in its orbit, and in producing the fruit, we are sure that no one will watch for the sun when he has made his appearance, or for the fruit, by the time it is matured. Here exactness and uniformity are necessary to the ends of the creation, and for these are not required, they are not found. Nature is a mere machine, but she is such only in the outlines and groupings of her mountains, her valleys, her plains, her rivers, her seas, her air of flowers, and trees, and shrubs, and in the instincts of animals; but in the life of man, in the formation of society, of arrange the clouds for the splendors of her sunsets!

It is not to be supposed that the rules, formulas, or rather as bearing the voice of God through the human race, are to be set aside. The recognition of principles and ends, to be exact and effective, requires the most careful study of these. Why may not every young man consider himself as a mere machine in his business, punctuality in engagements, with every principle that is honorable, and just, and liberal, and generous? So shall rules be over-ruled by principles, and the power of an engine, instead of being weakened, as many suppose it to be, shall be facilitated by its bearings.

THE REAL "MESMERISING ARCH."

The bengaleed Mr. Hopkins, who, in that condition characterized by the police as "drunk and disorderly," was taken to the station on the mere's vigorous tongue, is nevertheless enough of a man of business to have considered the case, and the Ledger, while depreciating Mr. Hopkins's subscription to his estate, will not, we are sure, blow, however, a difficulty course. The Ledger, accordingly, has no doubt that Mr. Hopkins's estate will be worth a million. What matter if the person that we accept as the executor of the will? Indeed, for economical purposes, a Private holder leader of fashion, whose life is a constant whirl of excitement, and whose whole heart is set on show? Or shall we select as our bid the fashionable preacher, who is petted by everybody, ball or at a political convention. Were she the fashionable preacher, we would certainly prefer she to the pedestal wherein we would exalt her is the world, and the best possible testimonial to Truth to say, in neither of these disguises can we discover qualities likely to become them for the universal worship. The women who exercise, and the men who continue to exercise, a dominant influence for good in all civilized countries, belong to a better and nobler class than either. They are teachers, trainers, moderators, examples, comforters—the leaven of the social lump, without which it would be an unkneadable as bran. They control without dictating; and to their gentle ministrations as wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, men owe whatever there is of beauty, harmony, purity and refinement in their restless lives. Heaven keep them—for their own sakes and ours—out of the tumult and strife of the arena.

DR. HAHNEMANN,
THE FOUNDER OF HOMŒOPATHY.
BY JAMES PARTON.

Samuel Christian Frederic Hahnemann was born in Germany, in 1755. His father was a Dresden painter on porcelain. Hahnemann, however, gave his son all the advantages of education which his native province furnished. The boy was precocious, diligent, serious, and full of curiosity. When his father wished to take him from school and appreciate him in a trade, the master of the academy spoke so as to sended opposed the scheme, and offered to support him in the University. It was a kind of patronage which the parent could not refuse. The offer was accepted, and Hahnemann began his studies.

At twenty years of age, he went to the university of Leipsic to study medicine. As the faculty of that institution ceased when the student left the academy, and Hahnemann had no resource of his own, he was compelled to gain his livelihood by translating medical works from English into German. With this noble labor to perform,—viz., to acquire his profession and earn his living,—he could not expect to put forth the most extraordinary exertions. He declares that, for many years, he adopted every other night.

At twenty-three years of age, he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain the place of physician to a hospital. Here he spent two years, and then, for the first time in his life, accumulated a little money. He, however, soon relished to his native place; and, after many years of study and hard labor, he received, at last, thirty years of age.

He had now a considerable success as a physician, during the sickness of the principal physician of Dessau, he attended the public hospitals, and enjoyed also a reputation for skill in the treatment of nervous diseases. Besides, he had the consolation of his family, who, in the course of these years, increased to eight. Besides, and enjoyed again to Leipsic, where he lived for four years, giving lectures on chemistry and medicine, as of old. The reason of this strange wandering was his passion for chemical research and theory of medicine which then prevailed.

It was, you will remember, the Brunonian system, which, in the hands of its friends, was a system of cures, and in the hands of its opponents a system of murders. Hahnemann was worthy of Him, who provides largely for the whole race of the intelligent creation, and those who spends with gratitude life and happiness from the hands of the Author of all good, and who creature to the torments of remediless disease; and I am persuaded that many would have been placed within reach of such acute magic and inhalation of chloroform, if Wells, and Morton, and Jackson had not lived."

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Before of the King and Queen of France were executed, they were tried, condemned, and questioned by old followers of the Bourbons, and by the most distinguished of the Girondists. Questions were asked in these secret interviews, sufficiently sought. The Queen, on the 16th of Thermidor, was examined by persons who had been in the habit of seeing her at the Tuileries, and, as to grow to manhood, resolved to devote his life to the relief of the sufferings of a people with whom he then claimed affinity.

Such was the youth grew to manhood, resolved to be an Indian. But circumstances, strange to say, diverted his purpose somewhat. He passed him to repudiate the belief and to adopt the idea that he was, himself, to be an Indian.

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THE LOST DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.
BY MARY C. VARNUM.

The article by Mrs. Hinkle, which I read to the *Ledger* of May 18, entitled "Morte Antoinette's Children," has awakened in my mind the circumstances of a visit made several years ago to the house of one who lived and died in the time of the persecution of the Bourbons, and who, as a child, was a playmate of the unfortunate children of Marie Antoinette, and of several peasant clergymen still remaining there.

When I first arrived, the siblings of the death of Eleanor Williams reached me. I had hoped to see him, but had to content myself with a drive to the place of his residence and a sight of the shell, in which a man round whom at least a strange and mysterious influence had lingered, had dwelt.

The Indian village of St. Regis lies at the confluence of the river St. Regis and the St. Lawrence, between Lake Champlain and Canada. Three miles distant is Hogansburgh, built on land repurchased from the Indian Seminaries. I believe, and the home for many years of Eleanor and his wife. Here in the same house, which he built, and the church in which he ministered, he died and there I saw, that beautiful spot, the grave where the fresh sods lay above his early grave. He calmed rich, but he was wholly ignorant of the earth, but none of his own blood, and none of his kindred had died there except these few facts. His physician was the only person who knew him in his sickness and gloom, and he told me this: There was no unusual excitement in the village when the white races and the North American Indians, and visited by them. William Williams was closely shown to be a white man. He bore upon his person all the marks known to the Gauls. His Indian mother had never spoken of him but as "the white man," and when his wife signifies a "one by adoption," and he gently refused to answer any questions concerning him.

There was very little furniture in the house, nor was any large one under the broad trees of the upper rooms. There were many more books than usual in the house of a man of his breeding collection of ancient and modern literature, and a large number of pamphlets relative to the Indians as the collection of relics, many of which were curious. On the walls were engravings of the Bourbon princes and portraits of the ill-fated pair who perished on the scaffold. A fine suit of clothing of Louis, before he had been called the "Citizen Capet," and a pair of elegant and gleaming brocade that Marie Antoinette had worn in the palace (purporting to be a gift of a French girl of both; a few jewels; a sandal-wood fan, and a few articles of use and value. These were all. Of course I had my curiosity excited, and the words of affection lingering in his ears. Was he the son of Marie Antoinette? And was he one in that little Indian village? Did the blood of the Bourbons run in his veins? Was he the lineal descendant of the lonely man? Or came he from a source of which the mystery—of the dusky children with whom he had played? None can be traced. Of his parentage, he knew nothing. The secret has been buried, and the mystery will remain forever unsolved.

JAUNTY MEN.

Women of sense dislike this vile variety of the human species. By "jaunty men" we mean those excessively dressed young men, with minute step and self-satisfied smirk, whose actual specialty is to display their personal charms. As a rule your jaunty man wears his hat a little on one side and indulges in curling moustaches generally. If a handsome woman passes him in the street, he stares at her, turns, and, if near, a glance which he intends to be at once killing and irresistible. He is a fool in both respects, being simply pert and presuming. Another of the jaunty man's favorite practices is promenade in pairs. In these cases the hats of both are worn "killingly" on one side of the head. Occasionally one may be seen with the right eye, the left hand in the pocket, and the head a little below the middle height, and wear remarkably long moustaches. This is a variety of the jaunty man, and indulge, if nature has been propitious to him in the matter of hair, in a good deal of whisker and, if their teeth are good, in a smile. Such men are generally to be met with in the "smoking" in life was to make an impression upon the female mind, and to be very much at the top of the tide of affairs generally on. So he goes on in this world, and, if he has any success, it is entirely owing to his folly. It is impossible for any person with a well-constituted mind to respect a jaunty man. Such a man might one respect a jumping-jack. Exacting beyond the glass of fashion in the matter of form, he is, in fact, obtrusively unlike a gentleman, although of manner being, in the development of true gentility. Jaunty men sometimes fall victims to the beauties of rank, but, as a rule with the thinking portion of the sex, who are not to be caught by chaff, they are shunned, and, if their teeth are good, laughed at. Jaunty men are to be met with in all ranks

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Withered and old the dying moonlight falling!
Faint, faint and cold the hollow night-wind calling,
And faint and cold the promise of the morrow!

O'er dreary sand-flats, desolately lying,
We hear the deep voice of the sea replying,
Wrung with strange grief akin to human sorrow!

Far off and cold God's heaven darkens o'er us,
And gray and old the long years stretch before us—
Each weary step marked by the Rue and Marble.

We breathe the balm of summer woods and flowers;
We hear the far-off foot-falls of the showers,
Smote through by some wild bird's delicious warble.

And through the rolling mists that vail our vision
We catch fleet glimpses of the lost Elysian—
The dewy dawn of youth's sweet morning story.

But stern and sad a hand points to the morrow,
And wild and drear the wail of life's long sorrow
Beats on the golden doors of God's far glory!

Deeper and deeper still the night is growing—
Nearer and wild we hear Death's river flowing—
And harps' and psalters' long melodious striving—

Till swift and sweet the Morning breaks around us,—
Lo! in the dark God's hidden hand hath crowned us
With thornless rose and palm eternally living!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.

ARRIVAL.

Britain! America! Mother and child,
Be heartily, happily, reconciled,
Look to the world around;
Stricken by phrenzy, with guilt defiled,
A storm-tossed ship in the surges wild,
Soon to be wrecked and drowned!

Mother and daughter against the world
Under your peaceful flags unfurled,
Rights may rally at length;
While earth's hurricane, inwardly curled
Spent with ruin of wrongs down-hurled
Weakens and wastes its strength. M. F. T.

To see for the first time the shores of the old world! It is indeed like coming to another world! like entering into another life!

Have we died? Was the vast sheet of water we passed the River of Death? And is the land we see before us the abode of departed spirits? If so, is it Hades, or Elysium? It looks more like Elysium!

So mused Drusilla as she stood dreamily leaning over the bulwarks of the Huronia, and gazing on the lovely shores of the Emerald Isle, all glittering in the beams of the rising sun, as the ship approached the beautiful Cove of Cork.

She had risen very early and come up on deck alone to get a quiet first view of the land. All was bustle around her, for the ship was preparing to lay to for the purpose of landing the passengers for Ireland. The tiny steamboat from the shore was already puffing and blowing its way out to the ocean leviathan to take them off.

Men, women and children, servants, porters and baggage, began to throng up from below.

But Drusilla, plunged in a dream of the past, was almost unconscious of the confusion around her.

"Elysium! for certainly it is peopled with the spirits of departed heroes and sages!" she murmured to herself as the rivers of history and tradition rolled through her memory.

A caressing hand was laid upon her shoulder and a kind voice said in her ear:

"Good-morning, my child! Well, you see before you 'Hibernia,' '[illegible]' [illegible] it?"

"Oh, uncle, it is a lovely, lovely land! Who can look upon it and not love it? And, oh! what an experience to look upon it for the first time! It is as if some beautiful creation of imagination was actually realized to the senses! To look upon her shores and think of her history, her legends and her poetry! to almost see the shades of her dead heroes, sages and minstrels!" said Drusilla, enthusiastically.

"Well, my dear, I dare say ardent young strangers like you feel all these things and see all these ghosts. But I don't suppose the people who live in the land, or the mariners that frequent the cove, ever do. Such is the effect of novelty in your case, and of habit in theirs."

"But can *any* length of habit blind one to such beauty as this? Oh, look! was ever such brilliant green herbage spread over the earth, or such heavenly blue sky above it, or such soft white clouds sailing over it? See those lovely, billowy hills! as the cloud-shadows pass over them they seem to rise and fall, like the waves of the ocean, only more gently! It reminds of something Tennyson said. What was it? Oh——

'The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.'

He was speaking geologically of the changes wrought by centuries; but here the beautiful green sunlit or cloud-shaded hills do seem every moment to 'flow from form to form,' 'to melt like mists,' 'like clouds to shape themselves and go.'"

"You are a dreamer, little Drusa!"

"It *does* seem like a dream. I should not be the least surprised to wake up and find myself—where?—anywhere at all in my past life! In my little corner of the housekeeper's room in the Chief-Justice's dwelling; in the lolling chair of the little drawing-room at Cedarwood waiting for Alick to come back; or at dear old Lyon Hall with little Lenny trying to pull my eyes open. Life seems often very like a dream."

"And always in any great change of scene or circumstances."

"And most of all in coming to an old, historical country like this, that we have always known in imagination, and never in reality. But look, uncle! do not let us lose the features of this sweet scene! It will be a picture in our mind's eye for many coming years. See, away there on the horizon, crowning the most distant of the visible hills, a cluster of old, gray ruins—the remains of some medieval castle or monastery! And look a little further down. See the mossy huts, dotted about at long intervals, half hidden in dells and thickets, and under great trees; and nearer still, the town with its glittering spires and its forest of shipping!"

"Yes, my dear, the ninth century and the nineteenth are brought together in this view!"

Here the old man felt a pair of tenacious little claws fasten themselves upon his leg, and a shrill, tiny voice sing out:

"Untle Danpa! Untle Danpa Dennel!"

And, turning, he saw and lifted up little Lenny.

Little Lenny's language needs translating. He called or tried to call every one around him by the names he heard them call each other. Thus, with him, Drusilla was called "Doosil;" Anna, "Nannan;" Dick, "Dit;" while General Lyon, who was variously called uncle, grandpa, or general, was "Untle Danpa," or even "Untle Danpa Dennel."

"Well, my little man, what do you want?" inquired the General, smiling on the child.

"Hee, hee!" cried Lenny, pointing to the shore. "Mate Doosil tate Lenny home."

"'Make Drusil' take Lenny home?' Why, where is home?"

"Dere, dere! Mate Doosil tate Lenny home!"

"That's not home!"

"Yet tid too! Mate Doosil tate Lenny home, *dit minute!*"

"You peremptory little despot! what do you mean?"

"Oh, uncle, you know ever since Lenny lost sight of land, he has been abroad; now he sees it again, he thinks it is home!" said Drusilla, smiling on the child.

Master Lenny, with his father's features, inherited much of his father's self-will; and so he soon became both obstreperous and vociferous in his demands to be taken home.

"Mamma will take Lenny over there presently," said Drusilla, soothingly, as she took the child in her arms. "You know, uncle, our steamer will lie here until this afternoon, and we shall have time to go on shore for an hour or so," she added, turning to the veteran.

"Yes, I suppose Anna and Dick would like it. I know I should. And—ah! here they come now!" said the General, as his niece and nephew appeared upon the deck.

"What a charming view!" exclaimed Anna.

"It is like Fairy land!" cried Dick.

"Come, come! none of that now you know! We've had enough of it! Here's Drusa been singing its praises ever since I came to her side. And there, thank goodness, there's the breakfast-bell! Come down now, and praise the Company's cook! Two weeks' trial has proved him to be incomparable," said the General, leading the way to the saloon.

After breakfast, the party got ready to go on shore.

The little steamer made several trips between the ship and the shore, and they availed themselves of its accommodation to land.

Terrace after terrace, they ascended the picturesque heights of the town until they reached the highest point—"Spy Hill,"—from which they enjoyed a magnificent bird's-eye view of the sea and land—the broad expanse of the Channel; the harbor, with its abrupt headlands and its countless shipping; its shores, with their

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE OLD WORLD.

beautiful trees and elegant villas; and the rolling country beyond.

They spent the morning in walking about amid the charming scenery, until little Lenny, having tired his own legs and every body else's arms, got hungry and sleepy, and ordered his biggers to give him something to eat and to put him to bed.

Then they went down to the village, entered a pastry-cook's shop, and got a light luncheon; and, next, they hired a boat to take them back to their ship.

They found that they had no time to lose, for she was getting up her steam to start again; and, if they had not hastened, they might have been left behind.

The steamer sailed at four o'clock that afternoon; but she encountered rough weather in the channel, so that it was nearly dark the next day when she reached Liverpool.

And now [illegible] the inconvenience of having so much baggage. They were anxious to hasten on to London. They could see Liverpool at any future time before their return home; but they wished to reach London soon enough to enjoy the last few remaining weeks of the season, and, above all, to be in time to see the "Derby," which was to come off in two days. There was a train to start at six that evening, and if they could have caught it, they might have reached London by twelve midnight, in time for a good night's rest. And if it had not been for their great quantity of baggage, they could have done so; but they had twenty-one trunks to be inspected by the custom-house officers, and had also to wait their turn to be attended to.

There is much grumbling at these functionaries; but for my part, I have found them always courteous—doing their ungracious duty with as much forbearance as they could conscientiously exercise.

"You have made us lose the train. We wished to go up to London by the six o'clock express," growled General Lyon, as the officer on duty came up at length to examine the luggage.

"Very sorry, sir; but it could not be helped. There is a parliamentary goes at ten."

"'A parliamentary?' What the deuce is a 'parliamentary?'"

The man looked up in surprise at this traveller's ignorance, yet scarcely knew how to enlighten him on so simple a subject; for the most obvious things are often the most difficult of explanation to those that do not understand them.

"What the mischief is the parliamentary?" again inquired the General.

The officer looked up from the open trunk before which he was kneeling, and answered, slowly:

"Well, sir, the parliamentary is—— the parliamentary, you know."

"Humph!"

"It is not the express."

"So I should judge from its name."

"It is the slow, heavy train."

"Everything 'parliamentary' is, I should imagine. When does this 'parliamentary' start?"

"At ten to-night, and gets in at five in the morning."

"A most uncomfortable hour!—too late to go to bed, and too early to be up! What the deuce makes your 'parliamentary' so slow and heavy?"

"It is the people's train—the accommodation—carries the three classes of carriages and stops at all the stations."

"Umph-humph!"

"The first-class carriages are very comfortable, and you can sleep in them as comfortably as in your own arm-chair."

"Humph! that might do very well for an after-dinner nap; hardly for a night's rest!"

While they were thus conversing, the custom-house officer was passing from one trunk to another, lifting their lids and looking in. He finished, and marked the lot, and went away.

"I think, grandpa, if you had had ten thousand dollars worth of smuggled goods in these trunks, and designed to cheat the revenue of the duties, you could not have gone to work more cunningly than by talking as you did to the officer. The man couldn't attend to what he was doing for listening to you," laughed Anna.

"Now what are we to do with all these 'impediments?' I wish, for my part, the custom-house fellow had seized the lot; or that we had encountered a storm at sea, and it had been found necessary to throw them all overboard to lighten the ship! It would have saved us a deal of time, and trouble, and expense. And we have all we really want in our carpet-bags," growled the General.

"Uncle, I hope you are not turning into a regular grumbler? That wouldn't be like yourself! But you have done nothing *but* grumble, ever since you landed, and without the slightest provocation, you naughty old uncle!" said Drusilla, saucily.

"My dear, give me some credit that I do not SWEAR as well as grumble!"

"Oh, untle, think what the Dutchman said when he whipped his sulky son,—'Hans, you might as coot zay 'tamn' as tink 'tamn!'"

"Drusil, I am thinking 'tamn' very intently, ever since I came on shore. Now, where the deuce are the porters? Now, if this were New York, one would be deafened by them," growled the General, showing himself in front.

His grievance was removed, and he was "deafened by them" and others immediately.

"Porter, sir?"

"Cab, sir?"

"Fly, sir?"

"Queen's hotel?"

"Adelphi?"

"Star-and-Garter?"

"Tines, sir?"

Were some of the sounds shouted into his ears—not once, but a score of times.

"Queen's hotel, sir!"

"Lord Admiral, sir!"

"Carriage, sir? How many, sir? Where to, sir?"

"How can I tell when I can't hear myself think, for your noise? Dick, answer all these men, and see to the baggage being taken to the station. Jacob hasn't knowledge enough—he would be sure to get it lost; though, for that matter, I wish he would lose it—it would be an immense relief to me! I shall take Anna and Drusilla over to that restaurant, to get them out of this din and to give them a cup of tea."

"All right, uncle. Pray go and make yourself and the ladies comfortable," said Dick, good-humoredly.

"And let me see," said the General, examining his watch. "It is now nine o'clock. The—hem—'parliamentary' starts at ten. We have but an hour to wait. It will not be worth while to go to a hotel. I think it will be best for us to stop over there until it is time for us to go to the station. See to getting our tickets, Dick, will you? And have a carriage at the door there in time."

"All right, uncle. Make yourself easy."

"Come along, young women! Pina, give me that child. You look as if you were ready to drop under his weight."

"A sleeping baby is twice as heavy as a waking one, sir," said the girl, as she placed the child in the old man's arms.

And regardless of the staring street boys who grinned at seeing the "old gent" playing nurse-maid, he crossed the street to a cheerful gas-lighted pastry-cook's shop, where he and his party were accommodated with a small private parlor and a neatly spread tea-table.

Before they got half through with tea, Dick joined them and reported that he had procured the tickets for a whole compartment in the first-class carriages, which he declared to be quite as comfortable as the civil custom-house officer had represented them to be.

Dick was served with a cup of tea, a plate of sallyluns, toast, periwinkles, shrimps, and the finest strawberries he had ever seen.

Dick quaffed his tea with avidity, for he was both heated and thirsty; and he also enjoyed the toast and the sallyluns; but he glanced suspiciously at the periwinkles and the shrimps.

"What manner of fish, flesh, fruit or vegetable may these be?" he inquired, taking up a plate of periwinkles and squinting at them.

"Taste and see," answered Anna, as with the point of a pin she delicately drew one from its snail-like shell.

Drusilla was at the same time peeling a shrimp for little Lenny.

Dick glanced from one to the other and shuddered. These tea-table delicacies looked—the one so like an insect, the other so like a reptile.

"Try this, Dick," coaxed Anna, as she offered him a morsel from the point of a new pin.

Dick shrank.

"Now don't be prejudiced! Consider what an uninviting edible is the oyster, in the shell or out of it! Who that did not know how good it is would ever dare to eat it? Now try this!"

"Oh, thou modern Eve! I take it, since thou tellest me it is 'good for food,'" sighed Dick, as he gingerly accepted the dainty.

"Now how do you like it?" inquired Anna.

"My temptress, it is delicious! I thank thee for introducing me to the acquaintance of the periwink."

"I knew you would like it," said Anna.

"More s'imp! more s'imp!" called out little Lenny, for whom his mamma could not peel fast enough.

"Are they good also, Master Lenny?" smiled Dick, helping himself to one.

"Dey dood. Mate Nannan peel for woo, Dit," answered the little Turk, who evidently thought that women were made to wait on men and—boys.

"They have an exquisite flavor! They are as fine, with a difference, as the periwink' itself. Master Lenny, your humble servant. I'm bound to you for making me acquainted with the shrimp. I don't know which of these two dainties I like the best. After this I can believe in a man being in love with two——"

"Dishes at the same time," interjected Anna.

"Ladies at the same time," concluded Dick.

"More s'imps! more s'imps! Mate Pina peel!" vociferated the little despot, for whom his mamma could not keep up the supply.

And Pina was called to help; but new hands are awkward at the shrimp peeling business; and as Pina took a minute to peel a delicate morsel that Master Lenny swallowed in a second, he soon called out again:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! Mate Nannan peel too!"

Anna good-naturedly complied. But even with her help the demand continued to be greater than the supply. And the tiny autocrat, looking around and seeing no more female slaves at hand, called out:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! And mate *Dit* peel."

"And Dick obediently sacrificed his periwinkles, and cheerfully betook himself to the service of the lilliputian tyrant.

But still the demand exceeded the supply, for these vassals were awkward at the work; so, after glancing dubiously at his venerable relative, Master Leonard sang out lustily:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! And mate Untle-dranpa peel!"

And the veteran soldier of hard-won fields, the leader of tens of thousands, smiled submissively and obeyed the baby boy.

But there is an end to all things, even to infant despotism, and so when the three-quarters past nine struck the party rose from the table, for they had but fifteen minutes to catch the train in.

They hurried on their outer garments and hastened into the hired fly and were driven rapidly to the station.

Lively and well-lighted, but by no means noisy or confused was the scene. There was a very long and heavy train of carriages, for it carried the "three estates," but so orderly were all the arrangements, so exact were the regulations, so well trained the guards and porters, so vigilant the police, that all went smoothly and surely as clock-work.

As if by magic, our travellers soon found themselves in a first-class carriage, with all their luggage piled on the roof, flying along with great rapidity, while hedges, fields and farm-houses, seen dimly in the half light, reeled past on either side. Though it was ten o'clock post meridian, yet in these northern latitudes, and at this season, it was still twilight. The carriage in which our travellers found themselves was in many respects like the inside of a large family coach, only it was much more capacious than any such vehicle. It had eight well-cushioned spring seats—four front and four back; and glass doors and windows on the right and left. In recesses under the seats and racks over them there was ample space for the storage of all their light luggage.

Anna and Drusilla occupied the back seats, General Lyon and Dick the front ones. Down on the floor between them, on a bed made of rugs and shawls, with a carpet-bag for a pillow, little Lenny, satisfied with shrimps, was laid asleep. Pina and Leo had seats in a second-class carriage.

Once shut up in their own carriage with the train in motion, our travellers were as isolated from all other people as if they had been making the journey in their own family coach. They neither saw nor heard anything of their fellow-passengers.

For the first hour they conversed a little with each other, making comments upon the ride, as:

"How long the twilight lasts in these parts;" or:

"Will this light mist turn to rain before morning?" or:

"What a carefully cultivated country! There is no waste land hereabouts. The whole scene seems to be a perpetual landscape garden."

But in the second hour they gradually succumbed to fatigue and drowsiness and dropped off to sleep—each reposing in a corner as he or she best could, and waking only when the train would stop at a wayside station, which, by-the-by, was every few minutes.

Whenever it stopped there were passengers to get in or out, but the train was so very long that the chances were that these passengers would be a quarter of a mile before or behind them; and so, though our friends always on these occasions roused themselves and looked forth, they saw little beyond the lighted station, the vanishing platform, and running guards and porters.

Drusilla always looked from the windows with something more than curiosity—with eager interest; for, since she landed in England, her uppermost thought had been that she was in the same country with her Alick; and who knew but she might meet him any where at any moment—even at one of these way-side stations?

But whenever the train started again, the swift motion, and the late hour, and the comfortable, not to say luxurious resting-place lulled her in a light slumber, in which she was still conscious of the strange, new scene—the wondrous old country through which she was passing; feeling that she loved the old mother-land of her race, and loved it well; dreaming that she was returning there after ages of expatriation; seeing shades of knights in armor, "old ancestral spirits;" seeing visions of medieval halls, with all the barbaric pageantry of long ago, dimly shadowed forth. Then waking up to note with delight the fresh, bright rural scenes of to-day—the thickly-sown, but luxuriantly-growing fields; the green hedges; the crowded but flourishing gardens; the shrub-shaded, vine-covered cottages—the humblest laborer's hut all mantled with flowering green creepers that made it look like a garden bower, the slenderest strip of land along the line of the rails thickly planted with vegetables,—nothing wasted, nothing ugly.

It was only a little past midnight, yet it was already morning, and every moment day broadened.

Drusilla continued to gaze with surprise and delight upon the beautiful land; for, whatever the sky of England may be, the face of the country, especially in this region, is very charming.

Sometimes Drusilla's contemplations would be interrupted by a restless movement of little Lenny. She would then stoop and turn him over, and he would fall asleep again.

General Lyon and Anna slept so soundly at length that they were not awakened by the stopping of the train, nor even by the loud snoring of Dick, who, when in a state of somnolency, was a fine performer on the proboscis—the only musical instrument he understood.

Long before they reached London, its distant, huge cloud of smoke and fog hanging upon the horizon greeted the eye—its distant thunder of blended sounds came softened to the ear.

Soon they were at Euston Square Station, in all the great crowd and bustle of the parliamentary train's arrival.

It was surprising to them, amid the hundreds of travellers and the hills of luggage to be cared for, how soon our party, without much effort on their own part, was attended to.

Before they had time to become impatient, they found themselves in one cab, followed by their servants in another, bowling along through the streets of London.

It was but little past four o'clock, and all the shops were still closed, and the sidewalks nearly deserted. Only the earliest bakers', butchers' and costermongers' carts were abroad, or cabs and vans taking passengers to and from early trains, or cook-maids at the heads of area stairs receiving from the milkman the daily supply.

Even at this early hour, there were many novelties of the London streets that struck pleasantly upon our travellers' eyes, among them the abundance of flowers shown in almost every open window of every house. But what pleased Master Lenny most was the costermongers' little carts, piled with green vegetables and ripe fruit, and drawn by little donkeys. Master Lenny took them to be toy-carts for little boys to play with, and insisted upon being accommodated with one immediately; nor was he to be quieted until his mamma promised him a mysterious pleasure in a donkey-ride at Greenwich.

It is a long drive from Euston Square Station to the Morley House, Trafalgar Square, which had been selected as their hotel by General Lyon, at the recommendation of a fellow-passenger on board the Huronia.

It was nearly five o'clock when they reached the house, yet few servants seemed to be stirring about it.

They could be accommodated with apartments immediately, said the polite functionary who happened to be on duty; but he regretted to add that they would have to wait for breakfast, as the head waiter did not rise until seven.

"Two hours to wait. It is too bad, after such a fatiguing night-ride," groaned General Lyon.

He had endured nights of toil and days of fasting, in the battle times of long ago; but he was young then and the cause was great, so he had rather liked that sort of life; but it was different with him now that he was old and fated to abide the pleasure of the head waiter.

They were shown to large, airy, clean bed rooms, all near each other, and opening upon the corridors, and having one private parlor in the suit.

In this parlor our party gathered for a moment to consult. The delay of breakfast is sometimes felt as a calamity.

"Can we not procure even a cup of coffee for love or money?" inquired Dick.

The official was very sorry, but the head waiter would not rise till seven.

"Will you be so good as to send a chambermaid, then?" requested Anna.

He was very sorry, but he was afraid the chambermaids were not yet stirring. The hour was early.

"So it is; and we must be reasonable. Servants must have their rest, you know," said Drusilla, soothingly.

And the really obliging attendant smiled and bowed.

"Let us go to our rooms and make ourselves comfortable and lie down. Perhaps we shall sleep; at any rate, we shall rest. The two hours will soon pass," continued Drusilla.

"No, no, no, no! No do 'leep!" objected the head of the family, who had had his own sleep out and had waked up hungry. "No do 'leep! More s'imp—more s'imp!"

"Poor little fellow, *he* is hungry," sighed Drusilla.

"I think I can get some warm milk and bread for the child, ma'am," said the man.

"Oh, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will. We can wait better than he can," said Drusilla, gratefully.

And the man went out and fetched the milk and bread, which, at first, Master Lenny refused to touch, peremptorily exclaiming:

"No, no, no! No b'ed milt!—more s'imp!"

But being assured that his slaves could not procure shrimps for him, he seemed to divine that even despots cannot compel people to perform impossibilities, and also being very hungry, he ate his bread and milk.

When Lenny had finished his meal, the party separated and went to their bed rooms to lie down for an hour or two. They did not expect to sleep, but they slept—so soundly that they did not awake until some time after seven o'clock, when a waiter rapped at General Lyon's door to take his orders about the breakfast.

The General referred him for instructions to Mrs. Hammond.

And soon the whole party, much refreshed by their sleep, assembled in the private parlor for breakfast.

It was after eight, however, before it was finally set upon the table.

There were fine Mocha coffee, English breakfast tea, rich cream, sweet butter, fresh eggs,

broiled ham and broiled pigeons, light bread, toast and muffins.

For a few minutes our famished travellers were so closely engaged in discussing these delicacies, that not a word was wasted upon each other subject than their meal. But after they had all eaten and were satisfied, they began to talk of their immediate plans of enjoyment. The great day held out a thousand attractions to the strangers. It was an "embarrassment of riches" to the young sisters, as to their elder and artistic brother.

"Where shall we go first?" was the great question.

Various answers were returned.

"To the Royal Academy."

"To Westminster Abbey."

"To the Tower."

"To South Kensington."

"To St. Paul's Cathedral."

"To the Zoological Gardens."

There were a few of the suggestions offered; but as the three young people spoke at once, it was impossible to tell their other and artistic choice also favor what.

"I think, upon reflection," hesaid, at length, "that we had better not attempt all of these great sights just now. To see either one of them well would be an exhausting day's work; and we wish to be fresh for the Derby to-morrow. The Derby, my children! Come! we shall have time enough to see everything else afterwards. But we can only see the Derby to-morrow; so to-day, I think, we will just take a fly and drive around and have a sort of cold dinner, or collation, with our present address. What do you say to that plan?"

As the plan was of the General's devising, all agreed to it.

A fly was ordered, and the ladies retired to change their dresses for the drive.

Drusilla was the most expeditious with her toilet. She soon returned to the parlor fully equipped for her drive.

Little Lenny, in charge of his nurse, was standing within the recess of the front window, dancing with delight at something he saw outside. Drusilla heard a pair of shrill, cracked voices in apparent conflict below.

"Here I be! Dusset—here!" shouted the child. Drusilla approached, and whispered for the first time the renowned Punch and Judy show.

While standing there and enjoying her child's enjoyment, she saw a gentleman come forth apparently from a coffee-room below and cross Trafalgar Square; and with a hat-stop present cry she recognized—

Alexander Lyon.

She had been always looking for him—always expecting to see him since she first set foot in England, yet she had known that to see him was like the search for a needle in a haystack, and her expectations of a rencontre were of the instance as they would be to the last.

And now that he actually stood in the walk out from the same house in which she herself was sojourning, the astonishment and delight were so great, that she reeled and held by the window-sill for support.

Without stopping to consider whether she no-ticed him or not, he walked on, and crossed over the matter who was engaged in taking away the breakfast service, and hastened after him.

He came, his mouth a little open with wonder.

"Does that gentleman stop here?" he inquired, pointing to Mr. Lyon.

"Lord Kilkrichtown's? Yes, ma'am, he stops here," replied the waiter.

"No, you mistake. Ten think I mean some body else; but I know that gentleman well. He is just half across the square now."

"And, sir, does Lord Kilkrichtown, of Kilkrichtown, County of Sutherland, North Britain, live here?" inquired Drusilla.

"I am sure you mistake. I allude to the gentleman in grey. Could I have the bill to-day and replaces it. There, he is passing the corner!"

"Precisely, ma'am. He is up for the Derby, ma'am, hoping great odds. But you'll find him down to Epsom this evening, ma'am. Any more commands, ma'am?"

"Thanks, no; you may go."

Drusilla sank down upon the nearest seat, unheedful of the gratified air of the waiter. She was still laughing within with delight at the broad absurdities of the puppet-show. The young American knit flashed on her mind that the name of the gentleman who had claimed the honor of kill-cretheren, in right of his mother, was no other than her own child, Lenny. And he knew that she was here, or would be, for he had seen her name on the visitors'-comers registered in open books in English hotels as a matter of course. But he had left his look at them? What would he think, if he saw her name on the list of guests at the Clarendon?

"Mr. Alexander Lyon, child, and nurses!"

Would he happen to see her? Would he wish to see little Lenny? Suppose he were to come here—what would he say or do? He might pass her; she could not pass him without speaking to little Lenny—his-haired, blue-eyed little Lenny, with his father's own features and expression of face. It was scarcely possible that he could.

And if he should stop to caress his son, to take him in his arms, to press him to his heart what could she do? Could she stop him? Could she claim her own child?

Why not? For, setting natural affection aside, was that he had a title, he would want an heir; and what is the, promising one more than—

Or would he perhaps claim the child and take him from his mother? He could do that, if he would give him Lenny, though it should break the mother's heart. Would he not? Was not all of this law to tear her child from her arms?

No, never! she thought; badly as he had treated her while he had been maddened by the passions of pride and ambition, he would never settle in his sober senses—never be content—to deal her such a cruel blow.

True he had cast, in bitterly cruel terms, denounced and renounced her forever; but she thought of his words whenever they had found themselves upon her memory, only as the ravings of phrenzied anger; she knew that they would never have been carried out to extremities. Alexander had told her that she might starve, but she felt in her heart that he would never even have let her want!

And now she felt sure that, however he might learn to love his little Lenny, however he might desire to possess him, he would never attempt to take him away from her.

No, she was sure that he would rather let little Lenny feel him back to her.

Her hopes arose, her heart beat quickly at the thought.

Did she then feel no jealous pain at the idea of being reunited to her husband through the natural affection for his child?

No, she felt that she could hurt too purely for such jealousy.

On the contrary, she felt that it would be sweet to be indebted to little Lenny for a reconciliation with his father. And she knew, besides, that once reconciled to Alick by any means, and especially by the means, she could see him very to his heart, and gain a firmer hold there than she had ever possessed before.

Then her thoughts reverted to his new title:

"Lord Kilkrichtown—Steven Kilkrichtown—Kilkrichtown."

From what she had read she knew that it was an almost barren title, no wealth coming with it—only an old title, and a few wretched huts in the wildest part of the Highlands appertaining to it.

But in his pride of race he had claimed the title, and no doubt had gone to great expense to prove his right to it, and he would probably remain in England, and decide to Americe it entirely—make him richandcross.

His former wife's property united to his new title country with its bright sunshine, its vast forests and big hearts—a fortune—all her friends and all her fortunes were there, yet she would have preferred to live in a hut in Siberia, anywhere under the sun with her Alick.

While she mused, Gemmy Lyon, Anna, and Dick came in, ready for their drive.

Dick said that the fly was waiting.

So after charging Finn to be very careful of little Lenny, Drusilla followed her party down stairs and into the carriage, and they started—for a drive which they enjoyed so much in spite of the American Embassy, and then to leave their letters of introduction with the people for whom they were intended.

They did not stop and send in their cards and letters; they made an visit anywhere; but preferred to leave it to the option of their friends and correspondents to make their acquaintance or not.

They returned to the Morley House at four in the afternoon.

Anna went into her bedroom to take off her bonnet; but Drusilla suffered her own maid to usher her to look after her child.

Finn met her in the garden-gate; but hoping over with excitement, not to say indignation.

"Oh, Miss Drusilla, what do you think Mr. Alick inquired the mother, sitting down and lifting Lenny on to her lap.

"Men! man! tut off Lenny tort!" exclaimed the child, struggling to get down from his nurse's eyes flashed and his rosy cheeks flushed.

"Oh, Miss Drusilla, what do you think? Miss who did this?" inquired Drusilla, looking at the boy and wondering what could have caused his anger.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know! I left Master Lenny in the drawing-room with Miss Anna a few minute, while I ran to get his milk and bread, and when I came back he was gone!"

"And what did the chambermaid say?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Never mind! I had rather hear the account from Master Lenny himself. Now, my boy, my darling, and fetch her here."

Finn left the room, and soon returned with a blooming English girl, who curtsied and stood in the doorway.

"What is your name?" inquired Drusilla.

"Jane Smith, ma'am."

"Well, Jane, did you have charge of this little child to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, blushing.

"Then how came it that you left him in the street?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I couldn't help it! It was done so sudden. And I didn't dare oppose my duty!"

"My lord?"

"Lord Kilkrichtown it was, ma'am, who did it."

"Kilkrichtown!" repeated Drusilla, as light broke on her mind.

"Kilkrichtown!" exclaimed Pina, in dismay. "Kilkrichtown! It's a wonder he had not cut the child's throat and slay gill in his rage, gracious! was ever such a heathenish, savage, unchristian deed done!"

"So it was one of the gentlemen of the house who did it?" said Drusilla, in a voice in which control the extens of her emotions.

"Yes, ma'am, the gentleman I thought by the way he behaved that he had a right to do it, and that the child was all his own. For he said, he said so like a real gentleman in general, ma'am!"

"Well, ma'am, now I think upon it, I almost believe he took it to be his own, for he called out for as soon as ever the nurse-maid was gone, he came to me, and asked all around, and wanted to see him he was all my charge, took the boy in his arms, and walked off with him, and I followed him, and asked him where he was going, and told him before I could suspect, much less prevent his doing it, he took his leg across the rail and whipped off with pretty golden curl. And then he looked angry at me, and bade me not to come a-nigh him, for he was the man to use the law to punish me, and walked off quite immediately after, ma'am."

"And was this his just occurred?"

"Not ten minutes ago, ma'am. Anything more, ma'am?"

"No," answered the lady. And the girl withdrew.

Drusilla called Finn to follow her and went into her own bedroom.

While taking off her bonnet and mantle and changing her dress for dinner, Drusilla was quite conscious of what she was doing. Her thoughts were wandering, and what had just occurred.

"Poor Alick," she said; "to love his child, to claim him openly, and to be forced to do it in secret as I am! Oh, Alick, Alick, dear, do you think I do not love you? Do you think I could not love him, you might have him half the time? Do you think I could not love you, if you would be kind to him, and I know you would be, and let me be kind to him, too? Oh, my love, my Alick, dear, though you might never see or speak to me, you would know that I was not out of your way. Love your boy, Alick, dear, love your boy, and you will love me, too. Oh, my Alick, dear, though you might never see or speak to me, you would know that I was not out of your way. Love your boy, Alick, dear, love your boy, and you will love me, too. Oh, it has been a great comfort to me, Alick, the little love we had, to—"

So ran her thoughts as she mechanically put on her dressing-gown and proceeded to brush her luxe collar with a diamond brooch, scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

Nina was also holding discourse, but not with her lover in absence.

"My precious little pet," she said, as she held the child on her knee and smoothed his frock. "My pretty little darling, did its Pee-pet leave it? Did its Pee-pet leave its own precious child, where Kilkrichtown go about stopping children in the street? I'll tell you what, it is alone again as long as I live, or leaveways as long as I live, or leaveways, and Kilkrichtown cut and how at bubbe! Suppose he had cut off its head! Suppose he had! What would its Pee-pet have done? Then turning impatiently to her maid, she asked—

"Ma'am, you don't seem to care at all now about the child, and I'm sure it's quite enough in upon little Lenny like a North American Indian as it is, without your showing yourself in a bad light. Suppose it had been his precious nose or his precious ear that he took a fancy to have off! It's my belief after all he was a-thief and wanted to steal the child's pretty golden curls for his hair-dresser; and he would have cut all the hair off his head if he hadn't been seen coming. Why I had caught him at his tricks! Never mind, you shall not expect to see him again, shall you, Lenny? Lenny will be certain to see him again, I'll do bet?"

"You will know him, Pina; but you do not know him as you ought to know anything. Think upon what who cut off Lenny's curl had a perfect right to do so. Lord Kilkrichtown is Mr. Alexander Lyon, or was so until he got his ancestor's title. Why should you be so astonished? Didn't you know that he was in London."

"Yes, ma'am," said Pina, unable to recover from her astonishment; "but London is a pigpin village, and I didn't expect to see him, much less hear him called Kilkrichtown. However, I think, begging of your pardon, ma'am, as the same suits him very well. 'Good it's much of a muchness with the other name, for I reckon as long title christians, and eats 'em too, up to a penny a piece."

"Pina, you hurt me when you speak in that way of Lenny's father." (A low gentle spirit would have said to her servant "*my* father.") But Drusilla had much more important than her nature and manners.)

"I am sorry to say, indeed, ma'am, I would rather bite off the end of my tongue than let it slip out to hurt you," replied Pina.

"Now mince then, my good girl. It may happen that you may have to live with Lenny, and you are not with little Lenny. If you should, you will have to remember that you have to treat the child to him. It will be good to promote affection between the child and his father."

"I will as as you say, ma'am."

Drusilla then went into the parlor to join her friends at dinner. But she said nothing of Lenny's adventure.

"This evening," said General Lyon, "we go to an old classic Derby Lane. And to-morrow for the Derby."

Drusilla's heart beat—but her early, or at least her chief object in going to the Derby was not to see the great race, but to see perhaps—her beloved husband.

(To be continued in our next.)

WOMAN.

Woman, dear woman, thy name I adore unto Oh, enter, mother, tend.
Thou is the light of the household drama,
And thence its sacred soul.

In life thou runnest a double race,
As angels form thee in glory;
Thou be a daughter and a sister,
And then the soul to bear?

Then thou hast all thy mother strength,
Then art our children's friend;
And when thy heart is old and aging,
Oh then his hopes depend.

Then thou hast a heart to grieve and pain
A thousand dear, mysterious use
Then hast the name of sweetness and love,
And name is for the muses.

W. E.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE NEGRO," "WARRING YOUTH," "THE CONSPIRATOR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

Godfrey Fenton arrived late one evening at his Ocean villa, and was somewhat surprised to find within a friend had secured for him. He could not at first divine who that friend could be, but meeting an hour, to make a careful toilette, and then he descended to the parlor to see among the lingerers at Newport were known to him.

He had been told that a gentleman had come to write had never been received by him, so he was not prepared to find that the lady had been baptised at the Glades. He had left Quebec before the Hon. Mrs. Fenton had married Captain Nova Scotia, and taken a sinecure at Halifax for her husband there to come by mail to Newport to visit Inez before setting out for his Canadian home.

Fenton was joyously happy in the presence of his friend's friend as any girl in his set. He truly loved; he was full of admiration and joy beyond words for the beautiful young creature, and only saddened because she was not to be with him for a long time.

The first time he saw whom he spoke with unconsciously, with a most interesting, though not a handsome face. With his grace and dignity and graceful in person, with that distinguished air which is the property of a man of the world, a mere beauty of feature. He smiled fairly, as he thought of it.

"Now would you have seen me here now if I had not?" he said, when the first greetings became while my sister who was in precarious health, and I was compelled to remain at the end of this place, combined with sea-bathing, might restore her? Well, I thought it was time that my sister has been rectified, and Anna is so nearly well that I can leave her with Mrs. Hinchings, and You will be coming South soon, I suppose, now that Newport is deserted?"

"Well, yes, perhaps. I do not know; my movements are very uncertain, and I am here for scenes from home. But I am very glad to see you, Fenton."

Dunham gave him a searching glance, but he looked away.

"I suppose that you would hardly linger here for Miss Hinchings, as the society must be very attractive—people you at least, I saw Mr. Hastings, and Miss Hinchings, and Opal was looking her loveliest."

Fenton said nothing.

"Ah, indeed! I am happy to hear it."

Fenton looked at him with a searching glance, and then said:

"I was only speaking of Opal remains me that there is a young lady here who always remembers you. She is a friend of your sister's also, if you can understand that; she is a simple girl, but a very sweet one. I don't know if the other a practised woman of the world, who knows how to dissemble, and I suppose she is not sent. She is a study to us observer like myself, and I think you have opportunities to see her."

"Ah, indeed! I should like to see this rare one you have discovered. I pretend to be a student of character. I love, and am always doing originals in that line always figure my curiosity. Can you point her out to me?"

"Yes, precisely. She is waiting now with the other ladies for the dinner bell to ring for the party. They will whist this way in a few moments, and I think you will recognize her yourself from her resemblance to Miss Hastings."

Dunham's heritage took a look at him, as if she only had wealth. "I hope sincerely that Miss Hastings is not a relative of this girl. It would be very awkward to encounter her just now."

While these thoughts flashed through his mind the door opened from the ladies' dressing-room, and the two brilliant figures, robed with exquisite taste and richness, appeared in the doorway, and the fascinating walks with the grace and brilliant ease of a queen. She lifted her eyes for a moment to the superb form of the young Antinous who had leaned carelessly against a pillar, and turned them away again as coolly as if the most distinguished gentleman had not sent an electric thrill through every fibre of her being.

Nina strolled on; but when they reached the middle of the long ballroom, she said to young Dalzo, who was her partner:

"Let us sit down and talk. I am tired, and my head aches a little."

He found a seat for her, and smilingly said:

"This is the first time I have heard you complain of fatigue, Miss Gordon. I really feel afraid that you are overtaxing your strength by waiting so untiringly as you do upon that old lady, who will not be satisfied as to get her own way, and who is a terrible tyrant under a superficial mildness."

She said no her head depressingly.

"Hush, hush, Mr. Bates! pray do not talk so! I cannot permit it. Mrs. Rowe is also, her best friend I have in the world."

"Pardon me," he whispered, "or, I hope, the dearest. I am glad that you are willing to do for her, and I am willing to say for you; and, of late, you seem to create me when I wish to be entertained."

"Serious," she repeated, in a mocking tone. "If you begin in that style, I shall take refuge among the dancers again. After being shut up with a dying old lady, and one whose physical sufferings are often terrible to witness, don't you think I need something at night to cheer my spirits and restore the spring to my nature? No, Mr. Bates, no serious conversation for me, if you please. When I need that, I will go to the clergyman my poor old friend has had to pray with her since she grew so much worse."

"You know what I mean, dear Nina," replied Mr. Bates, in a tone of tender reproach. "I only it is time that we understood our true position toward each other. You have given up Sadler, and so has Kitty. His reply to both of us came to-day, and is most decidedly in welcome you—at his daughter. Will you pledge yourself positively to me, Nina? You know that I love you more adoringly than any of the suitors who have laid their hearts at your feet, and I have given me hope, but not certainty, and that is what I seek now."

"How can I give you certainty till we are actually betrothed, Mr. Bates? Your present words are spoken there is time to decide. That is not satisfactory to me, and I am not satisfactorily rational."

She looked up into his face with her bewildering smile; and Mr. Bates was dazzled, though a little angry.

"It is a poor contract that binds but one party. She continued, in a lighter tone. You hold me in honor bound to you, while you are free to change your mind as often as you please to do so. Is not that what your words imply?"

"I don't know—I am scarcely competent to give a definite answer to your question. I only ask for my head begins to ache very badly. I can endure no more to-night. Let us return to the piazza—let us promenade in the cool moonlight, and I will endeavor to answer your thoughts sufficiently to satisfy your cunning mind. Mr. Bates, I cannot be trifled with. I am your family, Mr. Bates; and I do not know why you should be so anxious to hurry me into an important member as lastly as you just now urged it."

The tone of injured pathos in which she spoke was irresistible to the man who loved her, and his offered arm—disarmed her lover; for, by the time they reached the piazza, he was completely fascinated by her graceful wiles as to be willing to submit to any terms she chose to dictate.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "for doubting your sincerity, Nina. I am so much in the dark—so ignorant of my life is at stake, on you blame me for my impatience. Let us return to the ballroom."

"Words are but breath," she replied, with a short laugh that chilled his ardor, "and I think that we understand each other sufficiently at this subject to enable us to understand each other's wishes. I have had so much love made to me in the last few days that I am quite surfeited with it. I have been living on a diet of thanked exclusively, and I am in the mood for a change of it that category. Ah—they are the wine of life, Mr. Bates—the wine of life—and I am an excellent elixir at such a time as this. Let us return to the ballroom, and watch the last waltz before the dancers disperse. I am sure that the fatigue has never pressed her arm to his more heavily.

A single of my life, you do well to distinguish between the two, Mr. Bates—the one is for the opera; I love you for yourself alone, Nina. Before the end of the season, I shall probably return that is opening before you, I had bowed at your feet, and you had graciously given me to be my only woman I have ever sought to marry."

Mr. Bates looked down into her upturned confidence, thought Nina, but she only smiled up in his face, and permitted him to lead her passively to the ballroom, where the dancers were already forming for the last waltz.

Nina was a perfect waltzer, and as she glided gracefully in person, with that distinguished air which is the property of a man of the world, a mere beauty of feature. He smiled fairly, as he thought of it.

"Now would you have seen me here now if I had not?" he said, when the first greetings became while my sister who was in precarious health, and I was compelled to remain at the end of this place, combined with sea-bathing, might restore her? Well, I thought it was time that my sister has been rectified, and Anna is so nearly well that I can leave her with Mrs. Hinchings, and You will be coming South soon, I suppose, now that Newport is deserted?"

"Well, yes, perhaps. I do not know; my movements are very uncertain, and I am here for scenes from home. But I am very glad to see you, Fenton."

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"I suppose that you would hardly linger here for Miss Hinchings, as the society must be very attractive—people you at least, I saw Mr. Hastings, and Miss Hinchings, and Opal was looking her loveliest."

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"Ah, indeed! I am happy to hear it."

Fenton looked at him with a searching glance, and then said:

"I was only speaking of Opal remains me that there is a young lady here who always remembers you. She is a friend of your sister's also, if you can understand that; she is a simple girl, but a very sweet one. I don't know if the other a practised woman of the world, who knows how to dissemble, and I suppose she is not sent. She is a study to us observer like myself, and I think you have opportunities to see her."

"Ah, indeed! I should like to see this rare one you have discovered. I pretend to be a student of character. I love, and am always doing originals in that line always figure my curiosity. Can you point her out to me?"

"Yes, precisely. She is waiting now with the other ladies for the dinner bell to ring for the party. They will whist this way in a few moments, and I think you will recognize her yourself from her resemblance to Miss Hastings."

"She can never be here playing the part of a lady," thought Dunham, with a sinking heart. If

as than was quite prudent, considering my
sion. You understand what I mean, my
ss, Langley nodded, and Fenton went on:
I did not intend to mislead her. We talked
ny and nonsense enough, heaven knows,
I thought she meant no more than I did. I
ink a pretty matter enough for us both while
fated, and might have ended in nothing
t. If the young lady had not deserved
e, she was to be left to make her own way in
world.

She thought I was rich, and—well, she left
under the impression that she had refused me
sation from me. There was a time when
y, I said everything that I could think of to
her pride, for I do not think that my
feeling was affected on her part. But
showed temper enough to convince me that
never vouchsafe my pity but to be
s a rough time of it basking the rein. I
ed that she believe to do it, for after
they she expects to secure that poor old woman
money.

shadow fell upon the face of Mrs. Langley
ore she had finished her recital.

"Perhaps I misjudge her," she said, and
she sat lengthy asked:

"Do you expect to become the ruler of your
when you get one, Godfrey? If you
ot, the beginning of your journey with that
is to very apt to make shipwreck of all
ter voyages."

Rule or be ruled is the question, I believe,
ly. Which do you prefer the former?"

Then I would not advise you to marry her.
ou are not the man to be ruled a will or her
ill be ruled over. She requires
ne any young girl does, if you attempt to
her, and what is more, I would not
ake her your slave she will soon grow
ow her will.

ou are wedded, and lightly replied:

Perhaps I may be, but her advice counts
for that Linda Opal and myself to each other
not make her a husband. I am not the
to be ruled by a woman, and her father to marry as when
ed. Besides, we understand each other well
were too inexperienced to know what would
ome of us when we took the step. There was
correspondence, but there is nothing in her
to prevent her from me to believe that I
ore to her than any other friend. I have
ed her as my future wife, and have told her
thing that there was no escape from the en-
but she chose to think a way may be
nd, and I am convinced that Opal will not re-
my proposal when I again see her opportunity
ll do not think the will," said Mrs. Langley,
ly shaking her head. "You cannot be
ther, who was leaving over the railing her-
almost directly. I may be deceived in
ce in him, and he was evidently listening with
ntion, but I refer to what we heard in the
room Fenton and his sister.

I am glad you can reform my own impres-
," said Fenton, with some eagerness. He
ed his head, and Mrs. Langley hastily
ded:

Mr. Hastings is a noble, pure, and highly
ed creature; she is far too sensitive and
ful to be the wife of any at the bidding of
one. Yet her father thinks that he can con-
the spirit of her nature, and compel her
ffer to such himself. Unless she and you
ee about other matters all the strength of body
soul of which you are capable, you had be-
ot to marry at all, and you had better never
e taken her hand in pure as that of your wed-
."

A second Daniel come to judgment," cried
ton almost gleefully; "I am sure of the
ctness of my own heart, Anna, and I listen
your words as if an oracle had spoken. I
ow—"

Hush!" said Mrs. Langley, rising rather than
ing me. I am strongly tempted to tell
what I have heard, but I will placed in
ds."

I scarcely think that you could do better,
godfrey. Let us promenade together, and leave
ir to settle their own affairs. It is a bright
of the moon, while you lay have your heart to
ell, and I may be of use in some way. I am
ous advice of which I am capable.

he arm of one rested on that of the other, and
went away, earnestly talking together.

Mrs. Langley's face was much whiter than
n; she was the more of the two depressed
the interview which had just followed from
her husband on the ground of incompatibility of
ament. She was sorry for the unfortunate woman,
she would not submit to the interference of
one between herself and her husband; but
ever experi-
ence it will be seen that her sympathy dictated the ad-
ce to the unconscious Fenton.

She also had so lately given herself to trouble
ife, that she was more than usually perplexed
difficulties of her own, and the mood in the two
ers was not favorable for the discussion of
she claimed for herself when the proud herself in
ing intercourse with her husband. The
ssession of all to hold, she said:

Godfrey, you are bound in honor to re-
Opal from a life of misery, if you can do
ing. Do you? I understand you aright,
your heart has been irrevocably given to this
girl?"

Mrs. Langley, I never loved and
ed a woman as I love her. But if her Aunt
ctionately, as I believe she does her? She
ed me a mere pensioner, and I have, so you
, been living independently of my wealth. I
ld never forgive me for disappointing
for she has set her whole heart upon my
ge, and she would cut me off without a
ing.

Mrs. Langley looked grave, but she presently
ed:

I begin to take the deepest interest in Miss
ings. She is a noble creature, and I will
never be sure I can't forsake to her. You shall
Godfrey, and she may will her
ey to you. She could use you well in
confidence, and tell you that my brother has
ed Opal once, and was a fool to get in shark-
frocks and pantalettes. Guy has been too inno-
ent to believe in anything knowing, and I am
the family arrangement that existed between my
and her will never be different."

A disagreeable sensation struck on the heart
the listener. It might suggest that Opal would
if it suited him to do so, but that she should
really find pleasure to fill the place in her
brother's affections which had been occupied
ears by his sister, was displeasing to him. In a
sentiment he did not share.

It seems ingenerous to object to the course
ue indicated, but until my fate is definitely
settled here, I must not offend my mother
breaking with Opal. It would ruin me at
once."

Oh, set your heart at rest on that score, for
Opal alone shall know that she is free. The de-
ment may be deferred as far as my aunt is
concerned, as it is not expected that you shall
marry for a year yet. Opal is very young; and
her father intends to cancel an accomplished
governess for her till then."

There was something in her tone that silenced
Fenton's objections although a flush of annoyance
burned on his cheeks as he replied:

"I will leave it to your own discretion, then,
to reveal to Opal or to withhold from her what
I have confided to you, as you may deem best.
The night air grows chilly,—had you not better
go in? I am afraid you will take cold, and your
health should suffer from it."

"Which kind reason that plea has cred of my
prosing," she replied, laughing; "so silence, if
you please. He sure you shall do nothing to
compromise you with your mother, Godfrey;
and if I can aid you in any way in your efforts to
serve the cause of Miss Lopez, you may com-
mand me."

"Thanks. I shall remember, and perhaps I
shall call upon your friendship sooner than I am
coming to meet us, so I will surrender you to his
protection."

With a nod and a smile, Mrs. Langley took the
arm of her brother, and bidding Fenton good-
night, they entered the house together.

Not a word was spoken between them till Mrs.
Langley's apartment was gained and the door
closed. She then took his hand in hers, and,
looking into his dark, expressive face, said:

"Guy, my happiness is at last complete, and
you, too, Guy. There can now be nothing wrong in
your seeking the love you have so long regarded
as the sweetest boon that life can bestow upon
you. You have been very patient, dear."

"Yes," he bitterly replied, "I heard the vain
encouragement give as incentive to my hopes that
this young girl, and allude to his attachment to
another, which I could not have known for me
to him in such a way as to prevent others from
interfering with it, could be willing to accept
sets no value. To think that Opal—my Opal—
the darling of my life, should be asked to accept or
reject as may suit his capricious fancy. Oh! it is
to be humiliating, Anna, to feel such
feelessness; for, as you say, it opens a glimpse of
heaven to me, and I will not believe that she
I can, for she trusts me—she has confidence in
my truth and honor, and she feels sure that
they shall never fail her."

Her brother's passionate words appeared to
his sister laid her hand on his burning one, and
said:

"Don't be too hard on Godfrey, brother dear.
and children are always ready to take the po-
sition you occupy toward each other."

Denham and Opal were children with vivid in-
tered. At the close of the conference he arose
and exclaimed:

"Whatever ending Fenton's story may come
to with Miss Lopez, I will never intervene between him and
Opal Hastings. He shall not have the opportunity to
say that I have done anything to injure us in his
I shall take care of that.

"Of course," she replied, "he is not now, regard-
less of what Aunt Gertrude may say, for it will be
years before Opal will be of age, and there is
something terrible when one dream of her life is to
be her the choice of another. Good-night, and
meet with no fruition, dear Guy. I must see
the play out here."

There is no more necessity for an immediate re-
turn. We can remain a month longer if we choose,
and I am sure you will be glad myself to know
something positive as to Godfrey's intentions
before we go home. I intend to make the
acquaintance of that Miss Lopez myself, and some-
thing shall come of it, so good-night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the following morning, Fenton breakfasted
with the ladies in their parlor, and after agreeing
to the plan proposed by Mrs. Langley, he set out in
search of Miss Lopez, and left them free for all the
duties of the day. Their concerns were of the de-
facts concerning her precarious fortune to fall to her
on the death of Mrs. Hastings.

He rode slowly, as he came in sight of the
cottage, and the first object that met his gaze was
Miss Lopez herself, standing toward the en-
trance, with her hand shading her eyes from the
sunlight, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the
figure of the rider.

Fenton was familiar with the habits of Mr.
Lopez, and he felt sure that the latter would
not early an hour to ask him awake, so he should
have Miss Hastings to himself for a few minutes, as
he drew near the portico, he saw a white-robed
figure glide from the door, and the impression of
passing near her feet in the sunshine that fell
through the open door, and he dismounted in a
hand, but she was not awaiting it, for her head
was drawn back, and her
eyes were fixed on vacancy.

She did not hear the sound of the horse's
hoofs upon the soft turf, and Fenton had dis-
mounted and was at her side before she was
aware of his approach. He stretched forth his
hand to her, and she, with a start, placed
as his ups unclosed to say:

"Here, my child! Come to my heart.
Oh! blessed hour of reunion, this repays me for
all the weary years that have passed since I held
my son!"

In the bewildering impulse of the moment,
Inez forgot all she had been told, and she threw
herself upon his breast, and he folded her in his
arms.

"Oh, Godfrey, my love—my own—how glad
I am to see you again!"

For a brief moment she was lost in the transport
of happiness that had her spell-bound as he
stood there; then she drew back from his arms,
and again, as he had never before been permit-
ted to do.

But suddenly she recalled her scattered
senses; she remembered that she was alone, and
doubt and surprise through which she had hast-
ily passed, and the fact that her husband had
brought to her chaste fluted to a death-like pale-
ness as she stepped backward, and regarded him
embrace as she fluttered.

"This must be Mr. Fenton. I was fool-
ish—weak to forget that you can have no claim
upon my affection. I am in doubt of your
truth in in my heart. Remove your arm at once,
my words, if you please, or my brother will be pained
to say and letter, and until you have proved
yourself worthy of my trust, I shall treat you
as a stranger."

"Mr. Lopez," he repeated. "What does
this mean, Inez? I am your husband, and you
are my wife! I have no letter
from you that I have not treasured among me to you while
I was away and could not hear from you. Inez,
what has happened to have estranged you from
her, and she did from her husband? Speak to me,
at once, and tell me all."

Fenton ground his teeth together or he mis-
ht have done so.

Miss Gordon has made love! This is her
work, but I will yet repay her, the incarnate
minion that she is!"

He gazed after her then on the seat from which
she had sprung on his entrance, and looked search-
ingly in her face.

Inez, trembling with excitement, and for
a few moments she was incapable of speaking.
Fenton took her hand in his own, kissed it with
respectful tenderness again and again, and she
had no power to withdraw it from his clasp.

At length he spoke in the deep, musical
voice which she believed would have power to
recal her from the verge of the grave itself.

"Inez, darling, I have believed, why do I find
you thus when I anticipated nothing but joy in
our meeting? Has anything occurred to change
what has occurred to you since I saw you last?
What was it that made you spoke? I

have travelled rapidly to get near you again,
and it has failed to reach me. Tell me now,
and in full, and be very candid. I can endure
face to face, and see how easily I can master
it. Inez, what is the matter?"

She eagerly drank in the words; the old spell
was upon her, and the gentle and tender tone re-
turn with his beloved presence, a faint hope
lingered in her cheeks, and her lips unclosed as his
looking:

"Oh, Godfrey, I have been so unhappy, but
now you are here I will forget the cause of my
unhappiness; it seems to sink away from me
at the mere sound of your voice. Godfrey, I
am sure that you are accused of having sought
to win the affections of another. Are you not
wedded to a young girl in your distant home?
Such is the story I have heard, and, I am afraid,
much in the form."

"So she previous little wife, (for you are
indeed to become such, you know, Inez,) has
been listening to some treacherous tongue
which has poisoned her mind against me. Tell
me the whole story, love, and see how quickly I
will prove to you every doubt from your mind. I am
not, my darling, accustomed to appeal to you
for your own sweet self, and I never intend to
marry any other woman. Inez, you know that I
love you, as unlike me with a young favorite of
her own, I have been true to you, and will prove
it to a whim of hers. As to being bound to
Opal Hastings, I am not, and I never was in the
sense you mean me please, for she is scarcely
more than a child, and will have no use for me
for some time to come."

"Forgive me, Godfrey!" I should
have cast this foul slander from me. But treated
me with too much confidence to
have given me a right to
such words from you. Godfrey, I
am much you are to me till that cruel
letter came, and I
truth, that you were false—that your
was but a mockery of love, and
that pleases your fancy, although you were not
free to bestow it upon me. Is it true?"

"And to whom am I indebted for this fine
piece of information, Inez? Let me know
the eloquent eyes lifted to his face, now without
a shade of doubt upon them.

"To one who has done me another wrong,
Godfrey. Miss Gordon has written to me. She
has induced her to make her will in her favor,
and she has left you nothing but your own
large fortune. Miss Gordon told me what I
have told you, and I believed her. I believed in
having been her lover; she confessed that she
had written to you and told you that I
would have preferred her to all
women in the world, for the sake of your
wealth."

Fenton's lip curled scornfully, and he defiantly
replied:

Such confession has tried to infuse her ven-
om into your heart, my precious darling; but
you do not believe it, Inez, you know it is
the truth, lies, and you shall judge me by it.
Miss Gordon has been my friend, but I
scouted her beauty, was interested by her cul-
tivated conversation, but I never loved her,
and, when she discovered her mistake, she grew
angry, and left me. She is a coward, and a
quarrel, and she vowed then to revenge herself
by filling your mind with poisonous lies.
She has availed herself of the first one, repeated
to her, and has written to you. Is it not
the last thing she would do? Inez, you
know that I love you, and you alone, and
intentions toward herself. As to the assertion
that I have sought to win the affections of another
girl, it is my marrying you, although she tries to her
self to be my wife, and I am not happy to receive this
years. Look me clearly in the eye, Inez, and
tell me that you believe me."

She lifted the misery with her face, but
she lifted the misery with her face, but
she lifted the misery with her face, but
she

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A bagman, pale and wretched man
Once I met,
Which from that day to this I can
Ne'er forget:—
A haggard, pale or sandy face,
Cut by a razor's edge,
Gaw and plaintive was his case—
Standing everybody.

"Friend," said I, "pray let me
All thy woes!"
Surely I would comfort be
As life's close."

"Ah," said he, "the tie is cast—
All my cheerful hopes are past;
Now I must give up the ghost
Pleasing everybody.

"When I first began my labors,"
Said he also,
"Then to try my powers alone my neighbors
I began;
But I've not a sorry race—
Nothing new or nothing nice,
Save the short six feet of space
Due to everybody.

"If you try to please mankind
As you go,
Plenty of labor you will find
To be done;
First a bit and then a mite,
Sometimes No and Sometimes Yes—
A little of that, a little of this,
Pleasing everybody.

"Should the world decide you wrong
Never heed;
If your cause is true and strong,
Now your zeal,
Do not be by evil overborne,
Set your face as a flint and heart;
But give over, from the scorn
Pleasing everybody."

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A SQUALL.—A DESERTER.—A SUNKEN REEF.—A WRECK.

We got Mr. Drake below, and put him into his bunk; and there he remained until the next day. As we were coming out from his stateroom, Capt. Mackenzie suggested that we take counsel with Mr. Culver holding on upon one of his arms. He was pale and sick, and looked the very picture of Death, as I had seen that dark spirit painted in an allegorical piece which my father brought home with him from one of his European voyages. His clothes were soaked, and the skin was bloodless, but the eyes were bright and keen, glaring like fires of Hell, and his hair seemed to have started up about his head like the cilla upon a pigeon's neck.

"My dear Captain," cried Mr. Long, hurrying to his side, and taking him by the arm, "I hope you have no cause for alarm. Everything is safe, my friend, safe. My life, you ought to consider. Go back to your bunk!"

It is impossible to tell what the commander might have done if he had been stronger; but, as it was, his strength had entirely left him, and Long's sudden exclamation had been caused by his shining utensil to the last degree that they could hold him up: so he suffered himself to be conveyed back to his bunk, and, when he had been placed upon his mattress, he looked up into his lieutenant's face with such piteous entreaty that Long at once understood his meaning, and hastened to tell him the truth.

"Dear Captain," he said, "we did come very near running upon the rocks this morning, but we got the ship off without the least damage in the world. We have been in much more hazard, sir; but it's what's happen again. I give you my word for that."

The captain was about as utter liliar imprecation that the head of Mr. Long ever had imagined.

"You won't blame him so much, sir, when you come to know all. Poor fellow! he was well nigh run down. For eight-and-forty hours, sir, he had hardly closed his eyes. I don't think he meant to drink too much, sir."

At this point the captain ranged his head and closed his eyes, and Long hurried on deck.

At once, Long said I had the proper fortune to get a clear observation of the sun, and we found the ship to be south that it was deemed safe to put her upon a westerly course. About an hour afterwards, the clouds came on thick, pale and wan, and quivering at every joint. He went to the weather quarter-rail and cast his eye over the horizon, and then he looked towards me and beckoned me to come to him.

"Beck," he said, like a man who had just awakened from a frightful dream, "did I come on deck this morning?"

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"What did I see?"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder and gazed earnestly into my eyes, and then repeated:

"What did I see, Beck?"

"You saw the old ship just clawing away from the rocks, sir."

He let go my shoulder, and carried his hand to his knee; and, after standing in a state-room or more, he turned and went to the cook's galley, where he asked him to make him a strong coffee, and to bring it down into the cabin. In a few minutes the cook came and spoke to him.

"Jacko," he said, good-naturedly, "I know how you feel, and I know what you want. A good hot coffee would won't see you, Jacko."

But Drake stopped him.

"No, sir. I'll do first! Until Captain Matthews and Charley Sanborn are both on watch and on another deck again you must not even to save life. Thak's sworn to, if there's any life to be saved."

By the time most of the crew had come to the gangway, and they heard Mr. Long and the cook and Wallace, and, without stopping for reflection, went up and shipped the windlass.

"Mr. Drake," he said, "there is no use in trying to think of what you owe to me, because I do consider the whole of us to Davy Jones; but I'll do all more of this, and we can't get square up with you, old fellow. So now just go ahead and keep right of you, and I'll see that you are paid by us to the last!"

Upon this the crew gave three hearty cheers for their chief mate, and when the poor fellow turned away from the cabin he was seen hastily rolling down his cheeks.

Mr. Sanborn was on his play again by the time we reached Cape Town, and within a week after we had entered the Indian Ocean our squall was once more on deck.

From the Cape of Good Hope we stood well to the Westward, so as to strike the Stronger Trade Wind when we entered the latitude, and for three weeks we had variable winds, though the prevailing current was from the Northwest.

One pleasant afternoon—the 25th of January —as I lay on the sun-deck, which was lashed under the starboard quarter-rail, I happened to cast my eye off to the southward, and noticed a peculiar appearance upon the surface of the water. It was like a fine white scud, and extended east and west as far as my eyes could reach. At first I did not think what it really was, and had turned to direct Gowan's attention to the same direction, when the truth flashed upon me, and starting up from the coop, I cried out,

"There's a squall coming!"

The wind was blowing moderately from north-west, and we were close-hauled upon the starboard tack, heading very near west. If the squall, coming from the southward, should strike us as we were, it would take every thing aback, and be very likely to carry away masts. Capt. Matthews happened to be on deck, and the moment he saw the squall he knew that it would be useless to attempt to shorten sail before we caught it, for it was almost upon us. We might have let go the top-gallant halliards and had the sails clewed up; but that would have only eased the spars at the risk of having the canvas spat into ribbons; so we remained fast to point by close to the spritsail and let it come, being careful to have it strike us dead aft.

And it came with a rush. First the wind under which we had been going crept down, and in a few moments we could hear the roaring and blasting of the squall. Great sheets of white, like rain, came driving into our faces, then the squall sprang leaped over the deck, and the ensue the old fellow himself. The ship bowed to the first mad yards-arm touched the water —steadied as for full half a minute, then slowly righted, and away she squall and gone. Of course the spanker had been hauled up, and the jib and fore sail hauled down, and beyond that not the canvas had suffered the yards as nicely that they were just about as they were at first. There was an extensive snapping and crashing of loose rigging and short-blocks; but no damage was done beyond the rigging of one or two stouns to the jib.

Mr. Drake was to speak of a circumstance that was destined to have an influence upon all my after life. I do not tell the story for the sake of the marvellous; for there may have been something mysterious in it, but I think it simply as it occurred for the purpose of showing—

But never mind what it is, let me tell it, and you shall judge for yourself. Touching the facts, there can be no mistake. I have them all down on the very next morning.

On the second day of February I was on the mid-watch—from midnight till four o'clock. During the day, and during the first part of the night, the wind had been light and baffling, for we had not yet reached the regular Trade Winds, which are near the southern tropic. The sun had been very hot during the day, and the sea was smooth and calm and westward, and as the wind veered and hauled it was very hard for the helmsman to meet it. Even midnight until two o'clock the wind seemed bent upon coming in one point, then another, and it began to threaten thick weather. With the wind N.N.E. I thought we could just hold it; but when the wind hauled it upon us from either of those two points it would be necessary to stand off. With the first two hours the wind seemed to take especial pains to torment me with every point of the compass, the result of which was that we were at the breast continually. At two o'clock, however, the wind lulled for awhile, and when it came again we found it very light and fair. The ship was steered by the time we had got squared away before it, and I thought that perhaps Judge Long would be glad to have me relieve him, and so I went down into the cabin and knocked at his door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Long.

I found him sitting upon the side of his bed, with his head resting upon his hands, and I saw that he was in deep trouble. He looked up as I entered, and I asked him if he would not like to have me relieve him.

"Yes, Beck," he said, "I will. I'll call you if I want you."

I started on—started to my feet. And even as I stood there upon the deck I heard my name called again, and in my mother's voice. It seemed to come from forward, and, fearing that something had befallen her, I started for the forecastle, where I saw the lookout standing just as I was upon the point of speaking to him I heard a voice behind me—a cry that seemed to the ship from stem to stern. I went back to see what it was, and found it to be a child-voice which had fallen from the fore-top. It was a small voice, and it was a long-drawn cry, and it ended with a shriek. Quick and terrible was that shriek, and it came from the top of a large mast, with an iron strap, and heavy iron hook, and its large chamber like, where I had gone and found what I had discovered that the hook of this block had a flaw in it, and went it on down there to have it fixed. An English armorer had put on that hook, and it was with the hook, and it had been brought on board almost the last thing before we sailed. On the afternoon of the first or second day of February Mr. Sanborn had come aboard that chamber, and had declared that the hook was too large for the eye-bolt in the cap; but the armorer had put a piece of leather in the shell. It had been found on Sanborn had said, that it would do very well, and had gone and got the hook down to the proper size. He had not been in the chamber since, and I knew that the hook was on. So he took a piece of spun-yarn and lashed it to the hook, and then passed the other end, which was cut to it very soon; but he did not. Other business came in the way, and he left the hook there. It remain in the top, strapping, and chafing its lashing, and at last it had worn through, and the piece loose, and came on deck, as we have seen.

Those who have helped work a ship from the Cape of Good Hope perhaps judge somewhat of the feelings with which we received this announcement of the mate. To tell the truth, we struck the Trade Wind was simply to tell us that we were in the region where we might meet with a man to hold her where for her; and as to the fact that we had been thus overtaken by such a storm, those not on the watch below were very glad to be awakened from a nap.

Coming from the wheel at two o'clock, and was tired and sleepy; and as soon as I found that I might do so with propriety, I looked out out a comfortable place, and cast myself down. Charley Sanborn also made for the fore-hatch, on the larboard side, where I made a pillow by rolling up a coil of rope, and I was soon asleep. Those who never slept out of a soft feather-bed may not understand the luxury of such a thing; but I would find the man who can tell you from experience what the very height of luxury is, and you must seek the soldier who, after the weary march and the long watch, has thrown himself upon the sailor, worn upon the night-watch, who has been overtaken by the squall upon the deck of a yellow pine plank.

And so, at the night of the second day of February, in the year 1811, I fell asleep upon the deck of the ship Cynthia. I slept soundly, and I dreamed that I was at home in Maiden. I was in the old house, and in the old room where I was born, sitting on a large rock where we children used to play at house," with a number of dolls and bits of bread and meat. Upon the ground, under my feet, I could feel the soft, warm sand which I had gathered from broken bricks and flat stones, where we had made palaces and castles, and bits of bread and meat. Upon the ground, under my feet, I could feel the soft, warm sand which I had gathered from broken bricks and flat stones, where we had made palaces and castles, and bits of bread and meat. I thought I had been away from home a long time, and had come back to see my mother. I thought I had been away from home a long time, and had come back to see my mother. I thought I had been away from home a long time, and had come back to see my mother